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THE BYSTANDER February 22, 1939.

The BYSTANDER

"Going Away—" : February Travel Section

Stage : Films : Gardening : Sport : Society

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 22—February 28

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre company in Shaw's jibe at the medical profession: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.—Guthrie's production of Ibsen, cast headed by Edward Chapman, Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Walter Hudd: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NORA.—Marius Goring's production of *The Doll's House*, with Lucie Mannheim in the name-part she played successfully abroad: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability, outraged by Diana Churchill: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WORTH A MILLION.—Edmund Gwenn and Claude Hulbert deserve a better farce than this: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 116.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

"Little Ladyship"

David Tree gives a clever study of a timorous usher in love with the luscious married schoolgirl played by Lilli Palmer in the improbable but amusing play at the Strand

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Adelphi (6.25 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's newest has a strong cast headed by Ralph Richardson, Edna Best: New, to-night, 22nd.

ASMODÉE.—Veronica Turleigh, Peter Coke, Wyndham Goldie in English version of Mauriac's play: Gate, Thurs., 23rd.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—The first company of France in a de Musset, Regnart, Molière programme: Savoy, Tues., 28th.

CINEMAS

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a competent mediocrity: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE DAWN PATROL (American).—Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn and David Niven in a thrilling account of the R.F.C.'s war activities: Warner.

EDUCATION DE PRINCE (French).—Strong cast headed by Louis Jouvet, Elvire Popesco, Robert Lynen, in a Ruritanian satire: Curzon.

LE JOUEUR D'ECHECS (French).—A new version of the bizarre story of intrigue under Catherine II. of Russia; Conrad Veidt and Françoise Rosay: Berkeley.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER (American).—Shirley Temple is good fairy to Charles Farrell: Gaumont.

KENTUCKY (American).—Loretta Young, Richard Greene head the cast in a racing story; also MARCH OF TIME NO. 11: New Gallery.

THE MIKADO (British).—Geoffrey Toye's film is faithful—too faithful—to the Gilbert and Sullivan stage standard; magnificent technicolour: Leicester Square

OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS (American).—Lewis Stone paternal, Mickey Rooney filial, in another domestic comedy: Empire.

THE OUTSIDER (British).—Continuation of the *Citadel* theme—an "unethical" doctor is justified; Walter Mycroft, Mary Maguire: Regal.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One.

QUAI DES BRUMES (French).—A drama of the lower world; Jean Gabin as a deserter, Michèle Morgan a lost girl: Academy.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film, delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Carlton.

THE WARE CASE (British).—Great acting by Clive Brook as a charming villain; also Jane Baxter and Barry Barnes: Odeon.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—Capra's excellent film version of the stage satire on happy-go-lucky Americana: Dominion.

ZAZA (American).—Claudette Colbert is supported by Herbert Marshall in a flurry of Can-Can and Hollywood Vie Parisienne: Plaza.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FIDELIO.—To-night, 22nd, 8.

SYLPHIDES, RAKE'S PROGRESS, PATINEURS.—Thurs., 23rd, 8.30.

FIDELIO.—Fri., 24th, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 25th, 2.30.

FAUST.—Sat., 25th, 8.

TANNHÄUSER.—Tues., 28th, 7.30.

MUSIC

Recital

POUISHNOFF.—A Chopin recital at the Palladium: Sun., 26th, 3.15.

Orchestral and Choral

ASH WEDNESDAY CONCERT.—The Royal Choral Society, the L.P.O., and four soloists, under Sargent, perform Elgar's "The Kingdom": Albert Hall, to-night, 22nd, 8.

B.B.C.—Beecham conducts the orchestra and choral society in a Wagner, Delius, Berlioz, Tchaikowsky programme: Queen's Hall, to-night, 22nd, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Weingartner conducts, Arthur Catterall, Bernard Shore, Thelma Reiss are soloists, in Haydn's "Philosoph" symphony, Brahms' concerto for violin, violoncello, Weingartner's sinfonietta for violin, viola, violoncello, and Schumann's 4th symphony: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 23rd, 8.15.

BEECHAM SATURDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a programme to be announced: Queen's Hall, Sat., 25th, 3.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 26th, 3.15.

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The Bystander

Harlip

The Lady Anne Bridgeman: a New Portrait

Lady Anne Bridgeman and her dog had their photograph taken together just before her fiancé, Viscount Cowdray, sailed for America. He is the non-playing captain of the British Westchester Cup team, and also chairman of the international polo selection committee, and he left last Saturday week for California where the British ponies have been wintering, and where the first exhibition match was played three days ago. The Westchester Cup matches take place at Meadow Brook in June. Lord Cowdray and Lady Anne Bridgeman announced their engagement last month. She is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Prime Minister has not yet made up his mind whether to recognise General Franco. But he has made it perfectly clear that he is going to take the decision himself without consulting the House of Commons. Readers of this page will not accuse me, I think, of being vehemently pro-Franco, but it almost looks as if some form of recognition will have to be given to the rebel leader. The fact that he led an armed rising against a legally elected Government must be taken into consideration, but at the same time a sense of reality has certain claims. It is many years since we recognised the Soviet Government, simply on realistic grounds.

HERR HITLER is going to widen the Kiel Canal. The last time this happened was in 1906, when Lord Fisher played his celebrated joke upon the German Admiralty. He waited until the Kiel Canal had been built, and then he suddenly produced a dreadnought making all capital ships out of date. Germany had at once to start building dreadnoughts, and the first thing she had to do was to widen the grand new Canal which had become obsolete in a moment.

IT is interesting to hear that the Admiralty is planning for the defence of shipping by a preliminary order for twenty fast escort ships of a new type. If there was one thing that saved us in 1917 and 1918 from submarine attack it was the convoy system, and it is the only system that will save us again. These new vessels are being specially designed for convoy work.

THERE has been a burst of laughter over the Food Controller for London and the Home Counties. But at the same time there is a good deal of perplexity as well as amusement. Sir Reginald Ford was the great expert on London Transport twenty years ago, but surely London Transport has altered a good deal since then. There is also a certain feeling that if retaining fees are going to be paid, they ought to be paid to everyone. And thirdly, those of us who know nothing whatever about the laws of Income Tax keep on asking each other whether British citizens who live in Brussels pay the full scale of British Income Tax. The Government will obviously have to be a little more careful in the future, because in democratic countries laughter is still a dangerous thing to encounter.

GRADUALLY it is becoming clear that the appeal for National Service is not working, and it doesn't look as if the Government wanted it to work. The only member of the Cabinet who has spoken at a public meeting in support of the campaign is Mr. Ernest Brown. The other twenty-two members of the Cabinet are doing the Brer Rabbit stuff and lying low.

A.R.P. becomes more and more extraordinary. The steel shelters seem to me to be little better than a farce. No one can use them who hasn't got a garden, and even if they do use them they won't be much good. I am sorry to keep on referring to this subject, but it is a matter of some importance to the populace.

SIR TIM HARINGTON'S speech about Gibraltar was a remarkable affair. Gibraltar is presumably still one of the key points of the world, and yet the Government had only provided it with four anti-aircraft guns at the time of the crisis. I wonder what the rest of the Empire thinks about that sort of thing, especially coming immediately on top of the Sir Reginald Ford affair. It is true that General Harington's protests would have been a good deal more effective if he had resigned immediately after the crisis and made them then. But that is his affair.

THERE is one extraordinary thing about disclosures like General Harington's, and Captain Liddell Hart's uncontradicted assertion that during the crisis only fifty workable guns were available for the defence of London, and that is that nobody seems to mind. In old days any one of these disclosures would have brought the Government down. To-day one Minister or other gets up and apologises, and the matter is declared closed. General Harington's speech was published on the same day as the White Paper which announced that four hundred million pounds had been spent on defence last year. But the taxpayer accepts it all with hardly a single protest. The reason, I suppose, is that there is not an alternative Government in sight.

***New fashions** from Paris were worn by Princess Fawzia of Egypt and her sister-in-law, Queen Farida, when the Queen opened the French Sculpture Exhibition in Cairo. The modified yashmak as worn by the Queen, the Princess and their ladies-in-waiting has inspired many French hat designers for their spring models. Princess Fawzia, who is engaged to the Crown Prince of Iran, spent part of the winter in Paris with her mother and sisters*

***A musical M.B.E.** was received from the King by Cecil Edith Mary Dixon, pianist on the B.B.C.'s music staff since Savoy Hill days. She is also an R.C.M. Professor of Music and Accompaniment, and "Aunt Sophie" in the Children's Hour*

***A "political and public" services C.B.E.** was conferred at the first Investiture on Florence Horsbrugh, M.P., who had received one of the earliest M.B.E.s for canteen and national kitchen work in 1916-18. She has been Dundee's Conservative Member since 1931*

***New wigs and robes** adorned the persons of Mr. James Dale Cassels, K.C., and Mr. Hugh Imbert Periam Hallett, M.C., K.C., when they were sworn Justices of the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division, before the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Justice Cassels is a criminal law expert, has twice been an M.P., and since 1929 Recorder of Brighton. Mr. Justice Hallett was 1908 President of the Oxford Union, took silk in 1936*

A TERRIFIC onslaught on the Government's foreign policy has been launched by Mr. Gedye in a book called *Fallen Bastions*. It tells the story of Central Europe during the last year or two. If there is any answer to it, we ought to be allowed to hear it. If there is no answer to it, then Mr. Winston Churchill was right when he told America "The stations are closing down, the lights are going out."

AT last this country is paying more attention to cultural propaganda abroad. In the old days the general attitude was that everything British was better than anything foreign, and that if foreigners didn't like our ways they could lump it. After the war Roumania asked France and Britain to send lecturers to explain the national culture of their countries in Bucharest. The French immediately sent twenty-four professors, and the British did not even answer the letter. The British Council is now doing extraordinarily good work in this direction under the energetic lead of Lord Lloyd.

COUNT PAUL TELEKI, the new Prime Minister of Hungary, is a geographical expert of European fame. About fifteen years ago he brought off a remarkable piece of combined diplomacy and geography. When Britain and Turkey were quarrelling over Mosul, the League of Nations asked both countries if they would accept an impartial Board of Arbitration. Both countries did accept, and Count Paul Teleki was the chairman. Actually he did all the work, and his award was accepted by both countries, and his frontier stands to-day. It was the perfect example of an international dispute settled by League methods. Modern methods are not quite so effective, and cost each country concerned about a thousand million pounds a minute.

THE Holderness by-election has provided Sir Stafford Cripps with a powerful argument. The Liberal candidate ran second, and if her offer to the Labour candidate had been accepted that both of them should stand down in favour of a Popular Front candidate, the Conservative might have been beaten. The official Labour attitude, however, to a Popular Front remains the same, and the Labour pundits' latest contribution is a circular attack on the Liberal Party which is full of plain mis-statements of fact.

THE pictures from the Prado have reached Geneva. The train which took them there carried the most valuable freight of any train in history. There were 500 pictures and 800 tapestries. Naturally, everyone has their separate opinion about the greatest of all pictures in the Prado. But you can have the lot if you give me Las Hilanderas of Velasquez. Admitted you are not likely to give it to me, but if you do I will accept it.

LAST week, for the first time in my life I went up in an aeroplane and flew in an American machine belonging to the Royal Dutch Air Lines to Rotterdam and back. The things that impressed me most were the extraordinary steadiness of the machine; the magnificent spectacle of the clouds as seen from above; the quietness of the engines; and the neatness of Holland's fields and canals and roads. On the way home the two amazing sights were the Port of Rotterdam at night and, even more extraordinary, the lights of London from Southend to Croydon.

THE HAGUE itself, to which I was driven in a motor-bus along a superb main road (unfortunately by-passing Delft), is a solid, prosperous-looking bourgeois city in which everyone seems to ride bicycles. Even big business men get on to the faithful old bike at the end of the day's work and pedal solemnly home. I just had time to nip into the picture gallery and see the greatest landscape in the world, Vermeer's "View of Delft."

ANOTHER beauty spot is going the way of all things, this time to a Government Department. The scheme for a tank gunnery range at Linney Head, Pembrokeshire, has been revived by the War Office, and, as usual, that means compulsory purchase in no time and the ruination of one of the loveliest stretches of coast in Wales.

MR. RALPH GULDAHL has been for two years the American Open golf champion. He came over here on one occasion, and was rather cross about the way in which the crowds treated him. What the crowds did to Mr. Guldahl was to ignore him because they didn't think that he was worth watching. He went back to America and said some rather rude things about this country. Now he is reported to have issued a challenge to Henry Cotton, using the expression "This Cotton." I think Mr. Guldahl's manners might be improved. He is a very fine player, but that is not quite enough.

AS the production date of Mr. J. B. Priestley's play *Johnson Over Jordan* drew near, more and more interest was aroused by the mysterious hints that were circulated. Apparently it contains ballet and music and people in masks and a scheme of lighting that is to cost at least a hundred pounds a week. So to-night should be the event of the theatrical season.

***London v. Paris** brought M. Jean Borotra over here as captain of the French tennis team that defeated the London side at Dulwich. Mme. Borotra came with her husband—her first visit since their 1937 marriage*

***Budge v. Budge** was the first match the champion had played against Lloyd Budge since young Donald learnt the game from his elder brother in California. A one-set match between them at Miami resulted in a 6—1 win for Donald Budge, who thereby added the Budge family championship to his list of victories*

Private view *of Mr. John Churchill's paintings was held in his private house in Ebury Street. Here, with daughter Sally, the artist sits before a scape of Andalusia, where he has a house. He is Major John and Lady Gwendeline Churchill's son, Mr. Winston Churchill's nephew*

Private view *day of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's recent paintings, largely of London and of Paris, was on Tuesday of last week, when this picture of the artist and Mrs. Nevinson was taken. Since his last show, Mr. Nevinson has been awarded the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur*

Private view *guests of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's at the Leicester Galleries were Mr. Alan Webb and Miss Marie Ney. The former makes a tour de force as Ernest in "Design for Living"; the latter has been too long absent from the London stage*

News Reel

The Proper Study of Mankind . . .

First sight *of England thus affected an Englishman back from Jamaica (in time to miss further proposals of a general strike out there): fifteen - months - old Andrew Wright. He is the son of a warrant officer in the Artillery, as can be deduced from his father's greatcoat and cap in which he is clad*

First baronet *of his line, though not the earner of the honour, is five-year-old Sir Andrew Hills, on whom the King recently conferred the title. Sir Andrew's father, the late Rt. Hon. J. W. Hills, M.P., was to have been made a baronet in the New Year's Honours, but died in December. The posthumous creation is not without precedent*

Lady Forres, *Gloucestersh riage to the second Baron F cigarette at the London Ar Dorchester for none less th Askey, number one comedian Waggon, publicity manage*

At last *the great Scarlett O'Hara controversy is ended, and the part has gone to English Vivien Leigh. Here she signs on the dotted line in Hollywood for the "Gone With the Wind" contract, watched by David Selznick (producer), Leslie Howard (Ashley Wilkes) and Olivia de Havilland (Melanie). Absent is Clark Gable (Butler). Now that Vivien Leigh is cast, it is discovered she is ideal, conforms to Scarlett's physical specification, even has similar parentage (French-Irish). This sort of advance publicity shows the value to film-makers of buying a famous story*

birth but Angus by mar-. of Glenogil, Forfar, lit a ssociation's ball at the big-hearted Arthur" e radio feature, Band skitoff Stain-Remover, etc.

Mrs. Ruth Harkness *is godmother to the Giant Panda, for she was the first woman to capture a live Panda (in China) and introduce it to its now adoring public. Here Mrs. Harkness is seen with her book on the Panda*

Miss Vacani *has stood in loco regis et reginæ to many hundreds of debutantes, for it is her profession to train these burgeoning socialites in the correct deportment before their Majesties. Here a 1939 deb (nameless at Miss Vacani's request) tries for the camera a position not normally part of the presentation procedure. The first Court is on March 9th*

SIX WEDDINGS

Fayer

Mr. Lee Steere and Miss Pigott-Brown

Charles Augustus Lee Steere, of Jayes Park, Ockley, Surrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee Steere, of Perth, Western Australia, and Patience Hargreaves Pigott-Brown, daughter of the late Captain G. Hargreaves Brown, and Lady Pigott-Brown, of Broome Hall, Dorking, Surrey, were married at St. Margaret's, Ockley, and have gone to Madeira for their honeymoon

Mr. John Tollemache and Miss Dinah Jamieson

John Edward Hamilton Tollemache is the son of Brigadier and Mrs. E. D. H. Tollemache, of Coval Court, Sunningdale, Berks. Dinah Susan Jamieson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Auldo Jamieson, of 6, Smith Square, S.W.1, and the Drove House, Thornham, Norfolk. They were married at St. James's, Spanish Place, and have gone abroad for their honeymoon

Miss Peggy Cruise and

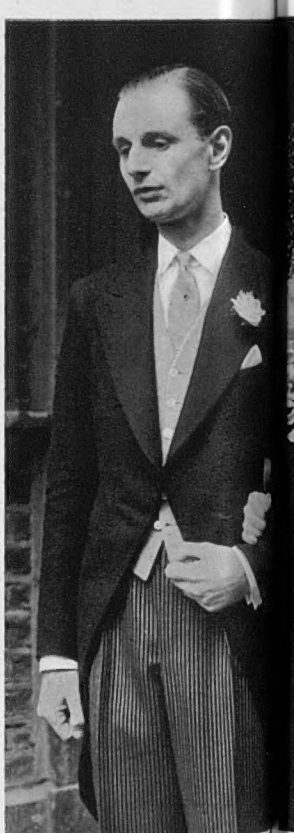
John de László is the Philip de László and Mrs Square, S. W. 3. Peggy Sir Richard Cruise, the Margery Lady Cruise, of They were married at

Capt. Guy Russell and Miss Elizabeth Blades

Capt. the Hon. Guy Russell, R.N., second son of the late Lord Ampthill and brother of the present Baron, and the Hon. Elizabeth Blades were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the younger twin daughter of Lord and Lady Ebbisham, at whose house in Upper Brook Street the reception was held. Her twin sister married Colonel R. J. P. Wyatt in 1933

Mr. Young and Miss Knatchbull-Hugessen

George Peregrine Young, Second Secretary in H.M. Diplomatic Service, elder son of Sir George Young, Bt., and Lady Young, married Elisabeth Knatchbull-Hugessen, elder daughter of Sir Hughe and Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Her father, formerly Ambassador to China, is the new Ambassador to Turkey



Captain G. C. Howar

Captain Geoffrey Howard, t mander and Mrs. Charles Ho Norfolk, and Katharine Fulle Eric and the Hon. Lady Fulle Market, Norfolk, were marri and have gone to the So

Mr. Norman, Mr. Guinness, Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky

Anthony Norman, Murtogh Guinness and Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky were photographed in front of the Odeon's sleek panelling when they arrived for the premiere of "Topper Takes a Trip." The premiere was a gala one for the Old Etonian and the Islington and Finsbury Housing Associations

Miss Royds, Lady Alma Jolly

Also at the Odeon to see the new Constance Bennett film were ex-debutante Minna Mary Royds and the Earl of Clancarty's half-sister, Lady Alma Jolly, who married Stewart Jolly last year

Social Register

A CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Holman's baby daughter was christened Carol Woodman at Holy Trinity, Brompton, being called Woodman, as are all his children and grandchildren, after her grandfather, Sir Woodman Burbidge. Mrs. Holman is Sir Woodman Burbidge's youngest daughter, was married in 1935, and lives in Cheyne Court, S.W.3

Carol Woodman Holman and her Parents

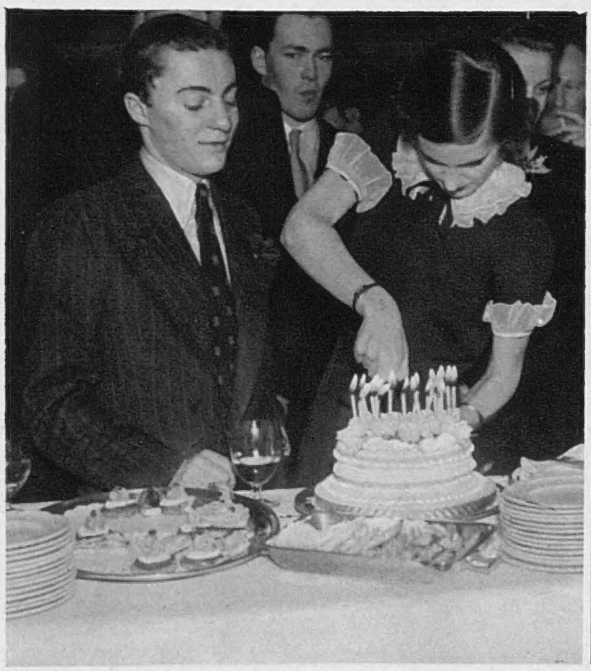
Mr. John de László

youngest son of the late de László, of 16, Wellington Cruise is the daughter of phthalmic surgeon, and t. James's Court, S.W.1. Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone

and Miss Fullerton

lack Watch, only son of Com- rd, of Stow Hall, King's Lynn, n, only child of Admiral Sir n, of Snore Hall, Downham St. James's, Piccadilly, France for their honeymoon

BIRTHDAY PARTY



Mr. Norman Parsons, Miss Mary-Rose Charteris

Mary-Rose Charteris cut the nineteen-candled cake which celebrated her own and Norman Parsons' birthdays at their joint cocktail party at the Florida. She is the Hon. Guy Charteris's daughter, and sister of Lady O'Neill and Lady Long. He is the nephew of Colonel Sir Herbert Parsons

Commander Dugdale and Miss Lesley Turner

Another of the joint guests of Mary-Rose Charteris and Norman Parsons at their birthday cocktail party was Commander G. Frank Dugdale, who sat in a corner and talked to a pretty Australian debutante. Lesley Turner comes from Sydney to spend the season in London, is being presented at Court this year

Wedding of the Week

Derek Henry Parker Bowles and Ann de Trafford had a huge wedding at Brompton Oratory on Tuesday last week, and a reception afterwards at the house of her aunt, the Duchess of Marlborough, in Kensington Palace Gardens. He is the only son of Eustace Parker Bowles, of Far Croft, Market Drayton, Salop, and Forty Hall, Enfield, Middlesex, and the late Mrs. Parker Bowles. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Humphrey and the Hon. Lady de Trafford, of Newsells Park, Royston, Herts.

Four of the Eight Bridesmaids

Sarah Norton, Virginia Brand, Vivienne Kenyon-Slaney and Mary Gilmour were four of the eight grown-up bridesmaids. They wore white slipper-satin dresses, the bodices laced with silver, with red geranium wreaths and red bouquets

Mr. Derek Parker Bowles and Miss Ann de Trafford

Daphne Parker Bowles was one of the bridesmaids who followed her brother's bride. Standing arm-in-arm with her after the reception was Captain A. G. W. Heber-Percy

Mrs. Charles Gordon and her twin daughters, Thalia and Anthea, were among the guests. They live at Boveridge Park, near Salisbury. The twins are on the list of 1939 debutantes

George Brodrick was Derek Parker Bowles' best man. He and Lady Irene Haig left the Oratory together to go on to Kensington Palace Gardens

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"Little Ladyship" (Strand)

"LITTLE LADYSHIP" by name, Little Ladyship by nature. In other words, this comedy, adapted from the Hungarian by Ian Hay, is just what any experienced playgoer would expect a comedy so entitled to be—a play of Cinderellaman sentiment, with an over-luscious bedroom in the background and copious references of West End brand to intimate physical delights. As when eighteen-year-old Eve, feigning illness, presses the specialist, to whom she has taken a fancy, to examine her all over. Or when, having married him, she asks a friend what young wives do in the daytime. Or when (more than once) it is intimated that this sweet little girl, so fresh and ripe from school, is allowed little sleep by her thirty-six-year-old husband. Or when, hearing that he is about to operate on a patient, she jealously inquires whether it is a man or a woman. Heaven help the hospitals on a night like this!

One might prescribe this play for the K.O.S., or Keen-on-Schoolgirl, public. Her Little Ladyship is only eighteen. That is nice. She looks only sixteen. That is nicer. And when she has married, she secretly goes back to school under an assumed name in the daytime, slipping, round about six o'clock, out of her school uniform into the South Audley Street confection that enhances, or, nicest of all, licenses her desirability. An innocent in the hands of her authors, she imagines that she goes back to school in order to please her husband by one day informing him that she has taken the Higher Certificate. But it does not require a psychologist to know better. In the eyes of the K.O.S. public, the younger the child, the daintier the tit-bit.

COMPLICATIONS inevitably ensue on her Little Ladyship's most improbable double life. For example, her husband (Mr. Cecil Parker) turns up to make a speech at the very school she attends. A young schoolmaster (Mr. David Tree) falls for her. She shoulders the blame due to another girl for carrying on in a cinema. Mr. Hay is an adept at scholastic humours, and of these the most is made by Miss Elliot Mason as a headmistress (with jokes about "mistresses"), by Miss Beatrix Fielden-Kaye as her assistant, and by Miss Joan White as a young rebel with a leg more tripping-up than tripping. Miss White is particularly refreshing, bringing a breath of reality into a classroom where lessons in quadratic equations and Gray's *Elegy* appear to be regarded as complementary.

This production brings Miss Lilli Palmer to the West End for the third time. Twice she has been unlucky, earning high encomiums in plays that have been condemned by critics and cold-shouldered by playgoers. Now she is unlucky again, for even if *Little Ladyship* runs a year, her part is one in which the most an actress can do is to be sweet, good maid, and let who will be clever. Let us hope that next time she will be required to do something more than to wear pyjamas or, when not wearing them, to remind us that they are ready waiting on the pillow.

Sketches by Rouson

Surgeon, husband and guardian unawares: Sir John Brent (Cecil Parker)

Schoolgirl wife with ubiquitous friend in need: Lady Brent (Lilli Palmer) and Judy (Joan White)

Schoolgirls (1939) and schoolmistresses (any age): Miss Philpott (Elliot Mason) and Miss Mandrill (Beatrix Fielden-Kaye)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AUNTIE *Times* was right the other day in saying that Naval grog has for two centuries been an insult to the Navy's carrying capacity. It still is, in our degraded view, even though a few days ago the Admiralty ordered " two-water rum " to be substituted for the " three-water rum " first forced on our gruntulous seadogs by Admiral (" Old Grog ") Vernon in the eighteenth century and issued ever since. Watered rum is just a drink for girls, as everybody knows who prefers it neat, as connoisseurs and the Army do. Sailors nowadays are no more particularly brutal and licentious, perhaps, than soldiery—though Dr. Johnson boomed in 1778 : " Sailors are happy as brutes are happy with a piece of fresh meat, with the grossest sensuality "—and if the Admiralty really thinks an issue of neat rum in 1939 would lead to lewd eighteenth-century behaviour and smash-O, somebody ought to remind their Lordships that the leaders of the last Naval mutiny didn't daub their demands on an old pair of pants with a tar-brush, but typed them very neatly with a portable typewriter on fair white paper, with correct margins and punctuation, query, and exclamation marks, all shipshape and Bristol fashion. For Time (as the bishop said to the actress) marches on.

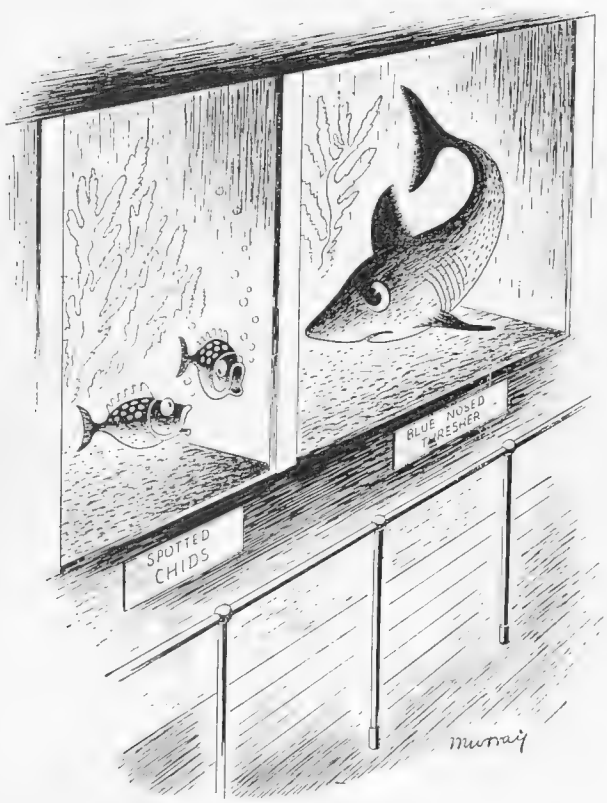
Nobody seems to know why the Navy suddenly got its rum diluted, except that Admiral Vernon was a bit of an arbitrary old slouch. The stuff the hairy pirates and buccaneers swigged from buckets and sloshed over each other in the Dry Tortugas was neat right Jamaica rum-bullion or kill-devil, 150 over proof. Maybe Vernon wished to establish a social distinction ? Perhaps he didn't know that the great George Washington liked his modest tot so much—he took it both neat and in punch—that he once traded a negro slave for a hogshead of the best, with molasses and limes ? If you ever go to New England don't quote us to the furious natives as repeating this.

" Can't hear a word "

Bequest

WE read in an evening paper that the late Fred Duprez, the comedian, has bequeathed to posterity a vast card-index system of neatly-typed gags, jokes, wisecracks, monologues, and patter, carefully collected over many years, and filed and tabulated with businesslike efficiency. The Duprez Collection is now for sale, and in our distressing view it should be instantly bought for the nation, like the Codex Sinaiaticus. This, we gathered from a chat with one of the consternated B.B.C. boys, is also the official view in Portland Place. They regard the Duprez Collection as so much dynamite, and the Variety Department already has dry lips and knocking knees. If any B.B.C. comedian got hold of that card-index, they say, it would bust up the whole works and scatter millions of faithful listeners in dismay and panic. Citizens who listen - in faithfully to B.B.C. variety know and admire all three jokes in it with dogged affection, and often repeat them to their little ones, and to spring any new ones on them would be a disastrous thing. We 're not joking. Very old men-about-town will tell you what happened in the summer of 1886, when *Punch* suddenly came out with a Comic Supplement. All over Clubland you saw tall bronzed sahibs lying in arm-chairs pale as death, staring glassily at the printed page and slowly champing their jaws. Many of them, accustomed to slodging grimly through the Old Cheerie-weerie week by week for years as a discipline, like cold baths, took to drinking heavily in their despair, and are now in Homes for Inebriate Gentlemen. Others permanently lost their reason and are now in high military and state positions. It was frightful.

If the Duprez Collection is not bought for the nation, we suggest it be sold to America (Mr. Duprez was an American) and banned henceforth from these shores. Then we 'd merely probably find odd jokes from it being smuggled in and peddled in Soho cafés by shifty-eyed Levantines, like marihuana cigarettes, and Scotland Yard could deal with that. Get a move on, Cabinet, quick.



" My dear, I 'd know that face anywhere — he once chased me for six miles in the Caribbean "

Rap

GREENLAND is not drifting westwards after all, we gather with relief from one of the dailies in which a few of the scientist boys have been having a dust-up lately, giving each other some queer old spinsterly raps. (" *Sir—It astonished me to see a person of scientific reputation such as Professor —— committing himself to such a statement as,*" etc., etc.) The Professor in question had merely been up to the old scientific trick of blandly announcing that a given hypothesis is now an established fact. It 's a habit, and apparently an incurable one ; the most familiar instance being the Darwinian theory of evolution, to which masses of the boys now calmly refer as if it were proven, unshakable, and universally accepted, which it certainly isn't. The explanation of this cretinism, a reformed scientist tells us, is wish-fulfilment. For private or family reasons a biologist may long to have monkeys in the family, for example. Similarly with this row over Greenland, which " drifting " theory apparently began (said one of the boys scornfully) with a chap named Wegener making observations with inaccurate instruments. There 's a type of mind which hates to see anything not drifting.

The more rows of this kind the better, anyway. Nobody can catch a scientist out better than a rival in the same field. The boys are notoriously as jealous as lawn-tennis queens, and at some Royal Society soirées the air is electric with passion. Thus does Providence keep 'em in their place, the overbearing sweethearts.

Sanctions

RULING recently that a man has a right to slap his wife as hard as he likes so long as he doesn't kill her, Judge Finnegan of Chicago will undoubtedly evoke loud mewing noises from that school of thought which holds that chaps should never slap or smack women in any way at all (not even with a hairbrush, the ideal instrument. A large ebony or ivory brush is best, with a handle about six inches long and either a fluted or a "ribbed" grip. The operative surface may be plain, engraved, or monogrammed, but must be quite flat, and preferably oval, though in a recent Hollywood film we saw Joan Crawford or somebody quite satisfactorily brought to reason with a large silver-backed hairbrush which looked to be studied with diamonds or brilliants or something, and was roughly hexagonal. There 's probably as little difference for practical purposes as there is between the "dimpled" and "brambled" golf-ball. What matters is the grip, the wristwork, and the swing, and for this reason some chaps employ the "Ajax" rubber hairbrush-handle "grip," which may be obtained at any of the Stores' Sports Depts., and will be readily demonstrated by any of the Majors in charge. Whether the new spliced willow hairbrush-handles gain more by their resilience than they lose in "drive" is a matter not yet decided by the authorities. They have a tendency to "kick" slightly at the moment of impact, but on the other hand, they do not jar the wrist. The model for which the world is asking would combine the solidity of the hairbrush with the resilience of the table-tennis racket without losing sight of the primary purpose of a hairbrush, namely, to brush hair. But this has still to be evolved. Where were we? Oh, yes—). Judge Finnegan is evidently a realist, like Shaw's Napoleon, who, when asked by the pretty spy "Would you strike a woman?" replies very simply "Yes." Unfortunately girls are growing very large nowadays, owing to Fitness Wins, and the European situation generally, and many of them have double muscles. The Judge ought therefore to have added after the word "wife," the words "if she is tiny, manageable, and unarmed" (we think).

Flick

LILTING, luscious arabesques from an orchestra and a film called *Visibility Fair* flashing on the screen, with the old familiar imprimatur of the British Board of Film Censors, assured us the other day, as we let another lunch appointment go hang, that the foyer of Charing Cross Underground Station is still the home of London's best free entertainment. The National Eye Service boys' show it was this time, and if we may criticise, we thought the script was a bit weak. It was the kind of script of which the film boys say, knocking the ash off their cigars: "Yay, sure, nossobad, lotsa stuff, maybe, but look, your *contnooty*—well, lissen, boy, that 's pretty goddam *lousy*, see?" In a word, the lovely, laughing spectacled creature who spoke the last sparkling gag-line "Eyes . . . *Right!*" (C.U., music up) in this film had little or no connection with the rest of the story, which was mostly about chaps testing other chaps' eyes. Our suggestion, for what it is worth, is that a good consecutive love-interest would have been more "box-office." For example, this sweetheart might have been so myopic to begin with that she couldn't tell the hero from the villain. This would have led to several amorous clinches of tense and even poignant dramatic interest. Finally, when she was Right on the Brink of the Abyss, some old baldheaded trusty (say Alfred Drayton) would have stepped in and mentioned National Eye Service, saying, "Listen, honey, sight is precious—it 's folly to take risks with it, etc., etc." Thus treated, the story might have been tops, and the lady behind the counter handing out booklets would have been mobbed by a frantic and blurry-visioned citizenry.

Beddybyes

CONTEMPLATING a recent batch of wounded Winter Sports heroes, male and female, returning to the Motherland via Victoria on stretchers and crutches, a columnist was wondering recently if these trainloads of crippled hearties are good propaganda abroad for British stamina. We have a feeling they are, in a way. They show the world that in the single-minded pursuit of a high ideal our best types reck nothing of danger. You 'll say our Winter Sports boys and girls ought to be too fit and tough to return so bent and broken that the ambulances have to take them straight to bed, in saying which you seem to forget that by a mystic dispensation of Providence the fitter and tougher a fitness-addict is, the more easily he or she is bowled over by the simplest misadventure, as was shown recently when a couple of Britain's most glorious Fitness Boys couldn't address Keep Fit meetings because they were in bed with a cold. Did we laugh, in our coarse and lightminded way! We haven't stopped laughing yet.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Congratulations, my Lord—two silver spoons

Films of the Day

A Pot-Boiling Selection

By George Campbell

It is a sad business, this film-acting, with many a setback and humiliation to offset the fame and sudden riches. A few years ago Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone were big stars and Mickey Rooney just a plain, tow-headed kid in rompers. In his last film Beery's name, though still starred, came after Rooney's. In *Out West With the Hardys* there is no compromise at all. Rooney is the star. Stone, the distinguished veteran of a hundred plays and pictures, is there to give him support. Mr. Stone is a charming and generous man: I am sure he feels nothing but kindness for the likeable young cub who has shot so meteorically to the top. But he would not be human if he did not recall the days of *The Patriot* and *Scaramouche*.

The Hardy stories have taken America by storm. I am not surprised. They are a pretty faithful picture of the average American family. Judge Hardy deals out justice in a Middle West small town; Mrs. Hardy is tired and nervy after a prolonged orgy of spring cleaning; Miss Hardy is in the delicious throes of young love; Master Hardy, aged sixteen, has won a prize for basketball, sports a sweater with a great big initial, shows off intolerably before his little girl friend (incidentally a couple of inches taller than he is), and is a thorn in the flesh of all who know him.

An old college friend of the judge's—but not so intimate, apparently, that he can dispense with the formal "Judge"—is in trouble and needs advice. The Hardys accept an invitation to visit the friend's ranch, and so we have the stage set for the proper humiliation of Master Hardy at the hands of bucking horses and a precocious little girl. The plot is pure formula. What gives it vitality of a kind is the humanity and humour of the young people's characterisation and some extraordinarily competent acting. Mickey Rooney has always seemed to me the finest young actor on the screen. Now he is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest stars, and (so I am informed) the biggest male draw in this country after George Formby. He is short and his mother couldn't call him handsome, but he has a touch of something that looks impressively like genius.

Shirley Temple's new picture, *Just Around the Corner*, is a little parable about prosperity, showing that God's in His heaven and all's right with the commercial world if only you think it is. A young architect is engaged on some gigantic building scheme for America's richest man. The slump comes along, the richest man stops building, and the architect gets a job as engineer in an apartment house. He has a little daughter; the millionaire a nephew with long curls. You can guess what happens. The small daughter trims the small nephew's hair, gets the crusty old millionaire eating out of her hand, and we end with a resumption of work on the building scheme and prosperity just around the corner. If America's economic problems are as simple as this it seems a pity that Shirley Temple, who is already a Kentucky colonel, wasn't also one of the pioneers of the New Deal.

Not even my adoration of Claudette Colbert can convince me that *Zaza* is anything but pretty terrible. The play is one of those French tear-jerkers so popular forty years ago. David Belasco picked up the original—if one can use the word original of a concoction of every bit of ham known to stage and screen—and put it across the credulous American public as dramatic art. Réjane and Geraldine Farrar are amongst the celebrities who have played the title-role; Gloria Swanson did it as a silent; and now poor, misguided Miss Colbert has dug up the rattling old skeleton and tried to endow it with flesh and blood.

Perhaps, for some people, she has succeeded. There is always somebody in every audience who can be relied upon to laugh at any joke, however old and feeble, and there is no bit of hokum so familiar that it won't draw tears. For people of this type *Zaza* may be most affecting. After all, it has chunks of every known success from *Camille* to *Cinderella*; the star has a chance to be the gamine with a golden heart, the irresponsible flirt caught in a net of her own weaving, and finally the broken-hearted woman who discovers that the man she adores is married.

It only remains to stage the big renunciation scene between mistress and wife—or, rather, the variation you have been expecting. The prattling of an innocent child shows poor Zaza where her duty lies, and the arrival of the wife, and the opportunity to blast her happiness, is the signal for her dignified retreat with the feeble explanation that she has mistaken the apartment. Herbert Marshall has the thankless, colourless role of the married lover.

Not being a Gracie Fields fan, I cannot express any opinion as to whether *Keep Smiling* is better or worse than its predecessors. It certainly has less mechanical slapstick, which is all to the good; but on the debit side must be set down a deal of sentimentality which I for one found trying. The best scene in the film is pure farce—Miss Fields' attempt to sing a song while a terrier hidden under her coat is fighting tooth and nail to get free.

Crackerjack exploits the personality of Tom Walls as a cracksman of the good old Raffles type, robbing the rich to . . . But what's the use? You've seen it all before.

"Keep Smiling"

Gracie Fields leads the fortunes of a provincial concert party in off-stage battles and on-stage entertainment; Roger Livesey supports her; Monty Banks directed. "Keep Smiling" (Regal) is noticed above

"Just Around the Corner"

Shirley Temple, chubbier and taller, is the excuse for this film in which she plays the not-new-to-her part of a fairy goddaughter; here with Bill Robinson. Reviewed on this page; at the Gaumont

"Gunga Din"

RKO Radio spent two years preparing and four months filming this story, and now modestly say of it, "too big for words." It is undeniably a large-scale picture, is based in story and sentiment on Kipling's poem. The Sierras back of Hollywood do duty for the Himalayas; Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks Junior do duty as three British sergeants—above, in trouble with the Thugs, below, on parade; Sam Jaffe plays the "better man" who sacrificed his life to save a regiment; George Stevens produced and directed. *Gunga Din* will have its premiere next Saturday at the Gaumont in aid of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; the Duchess of Gloucester hopes to attend

To Horse!

Hunting and Steeplechasing and Dancing Afterwards

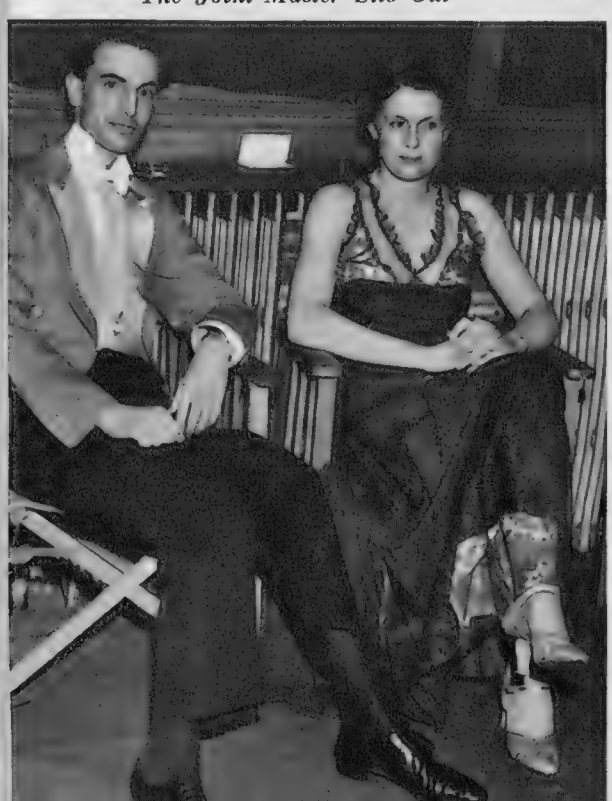
This Brought Him Luck

The Welsh Guards held their annual point-to-point steeplechase at Byfield, near Banbury, over a 3½-miles course, after which the field and supporters rode off to hunt with the Bicester. Maj. Sir Alexander Stanier won the heavyweights race, for which his wife tied his cap for him

Hunt Ball in School

The Oakley Hunt held its annual ball at Bedford Modern School. The two guests above are Lady Diana Worthington, Lord Feversham's sister, who came over from Weston Manor; and Lord Denham. Below is one of the joint-Masters, the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, sitting out with Mr. D. Verey

The Joint-Master Sits Out



Card-Markers at Lingfield

Miss Kathleen Kennedy, the American Ambassador's third daughter, went racing to Lingfield 'Chases with Miss Ursula Kenyon-Slaney. They were paying great attention to the Tote board

Owner at Lingfield

Lord and Lady Cadogan were also busy card-markers on the first day of the important National Hunt meeting, when Royal Mail, former National winner and top weight this year, was placed third in the Cloister Cup. Lord Cadogan's Bahuddin ran fourth in another race

Miss Watson and Miss Profumo

Also following the Quorn from the Great Dalby meet were Miss Eleanor Watson and Miss Elizabeth Profumo, both members of hard-riding families. The former is the only sister of Sir Thomas Watson, fourth baronet

Sir Anthony Pa

Sir Anthony Palmer Hay and her bull-terrier to-point steeplechases, Showell Farm, Little weather. He succeeded

Visitors from America

Hunting with the Quorn when hounds met at Great Dalby, near Melton Mowbray, were two visitors from the American continent, Miss Eleanor Keith, from the U.S.A., and Miss Margaret Eaton, from Canada. They saw good sport with two hour runs but only one kill—a mangy fox

Visitors from Europe

This father and daughter couple is Baron de Verheyen, of Holland, and his daughter, Kathleen. They also were followers of the Quorn after the Great Dalby meet, where this picture was taken

mer, Miss Dalrymple-Hay

accompanied Miss Dalrymple- at the Christ Church point- which were held as usual at Tew, Oxfordshire, in excellent as fourth baronet in 1935

Mr. Holland-Martin, Mrs. Hornby

Mr. E. Holland-Martin won the Old Members' Cup on his Safety-Pin and the Newton Cup on his Hurdy-Gurdy at the Christ Church point-to-point. He is with Mrs. Michael Hornby

Miss Erskine-Crum, Mr. Garton

Elizabeth Erskine-Crum was accompanied at Little Tew by J. L. Garton, president and bow oar of the Oxford eight. The crew had moved up-river from Henley to Oxford for the day's practice

Miss Mitford, Lord A. Cavendish

Another couple at the Christ Church steeplechases at Little Tew were the Hon. Deborah Freeman-Mitford, youngest of Lord Redesdale's seven children, and Lord Andrew Cavendish, the Duke of Devonshire's younger son

"Snow Holiday" II.

Up to Come Down

The cable railway (téléférique, seilbahn, funivia) is one of the three regular methods of personally overcoming the law of gravity in the up and down of ski-ing; the others are the ski-lift and the funicular. Twenty years ago most ski-ers had to toil up for hours on foot to earn a run down of any length, but since ski-ing became fashionable the ambitious resorts know that they have got to make things easy and pleasant in order to attract the multitudes who spend. The téléférique in this feature is that from Megève (Savoy) to the plateau of Rochebrune and it gives its passengers the advantage of about 2230 feet of altitude. A ten-minute service carrying twenty-five people a trip barely keeps up with the queue of ticket-holders (opposite page). Below, a ski-lifter makes a foreground to the cable-car

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Mother Smiles, Daughter Frowns

Helen Gilliland, Belfast-born actress, has taken her seventeen-year-old daughter Judy Nellis to Hollywood, where Judy, according to her test reports, is a sensational find. She was trained in the Liverpool repertory, has an Irish voice like her mother

"The Duchess"

Ida Hedin, who as a show-girl at London's Dorchester became known to café society as "The Duchess," was photographed in Hollywood in white with purple neckerchief to match lipstick. She is Norwegian

Wendy Barrie

This picture, the only working English Wendy Barrie and is the husband of Maureen come a father; is an author London well, so is equipped "The Saint Hits Back," a

Charles Bennett and a Television Star

Charles Bennett, film author, is another Hollywood Englishman and lives in the British colony, sharing the same patio in Beverly Hills. The cat was the first to be televised from Alexandra Palace and bears a nameplate stating the fact

Rancher

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, second baronet, had come into Hollywood after some months ranching in Arizona. He was formerly married to Frances Doble, Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell's sister

Michael Brooke

These two usually play day's work is done, but for the moment. He is here as the author of enlivened supper-time at ago. Michael Brooke

on the Set

scene on these pages, is of her director, John Farrow; he O'Sullivan, and has just be- as well as a director; knows to direct Miss Barrie in mystery of England's capital

Laurence Olivier Hides His Hair

"Larry" Olivier, who graduated from Shakespeare into films and will show America his talent in the former at the World's Fair "Hamlet," turned full face to the camera to hide his hair "a mile long," grown for his part of Heathcliff in 20th-Century Fox's production of "Wuthering Heights"

Number One Englishman

Nigel Bruce is "king" of Hollywood's big English colony and brother of Sir Michael Bruce. He is seen with his wife and school-girl daughters, Pauline and Jennifer, at his Beverly Hills home. His side-whiskers are for the part of Dr. Watson in the "Baskervilles"

and Reginald Gardiner

a game of tennis when the Gardiner's arm prevented this still remembered by café society the "train noises" which a London restaurant some time is Lord Warwick's film name

Hollywood Visit (No. 3)

Paulette Goddard and Tim Durant

Paulette Goddard, last seen here in "The Young in Heart," is with the man who looks after all Charlie Chaplin's film business—and, as recreation, races horses at Sta. Anita. Paulette's jacket, self-knitted, bears buttons inscribed with her name's letters

On the right is June, ready for a Hollywood cocktail party. She designs her own clothes, is considered one of the colony's best-dressed women. Her husband, Edward Hillman, has houses in Hollywood and Sta. Barbara, plays polo from the latter

Battles, Barcelona

General Don Gonsalo Queipo de Llano

This Castilian soldier has since the beginning of the revolt against the popular front in Spain fought for the rebels (patriots, Blacks, nationalists, fascists) against the government (loyalists, Reds). But he has fought on a more peaceful front than many of his comrades, for since he stormed and took Seville with a small force in July, 1936, he has been military governor of the fair city and his headquarters as commander of the Southern Army are there. He has occupied himself with civil retrenchment—mainly housing—and with the personal nightly broadcast which has proved very popular in Nationalist Spain and even with Franco supporters behind the Government's lines. Gonsalo Queipo de Llano, a professional soldier who won his spurs in Cuba and Morocco (Brig.-Gen. 1922, General 1928, Capt.-General of Madrid under the Republic), is a keen fighter and a devout Catholic of a type Spain knows best how to produce. His social policy logically follows: "The worker must be saved from seditious propaganda and given bread. He must be given a good home because the home is the family temple, to pray in"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

America and the Angel Gabriel

By V. S. Pritchett

In their monstrous modesty the English enjoy being Aunt Sally and taking all that is coming to them; a journalist is a fool if he does not do well out of a book on the English. The Americans are more intimidating. After a few shots they like to put on their halo of uplift and to tell you you have been pelting the Angel Gabriel. And since journalists, though blasphemous by training, are always sighing for the days when they were as virtuous as Freddie Bartholomew, the information fills them with lip-service. Hence a rather cloying air of giving the Americans a New Deal. The trouble is that the Americans have a right to be righteous. America *is* the Promised Land; millions have gone there in that belief and have found more promises realised there than in their own countries; and when one considers a Europe which is openly toying with the idea of destroying itself within the next few months or years, one cannot be sure that the moral view about America's broken promises is very useful.

Miss Odette Keun had this in mind when she wrote *I Think Aloud in America* (Michael Joseph; 12*s.* 6*d.*). It is not as lively as her English book because of the Angel Gabriel trouble, and because she has the French passion for classification and types. (When she says Americans she really means rich or comfortably-off Americans.) She is one of those disorderly egotists of clever but narrow mind who really do not see other people at all, but chiefly their own manias. Half the book is concerned with manners: the Americans are hospitable to strangers but pitilessly competitive among themselves. American women are drilled for social success. Americans fall into a few mass-produced types. If this is true, it is illogical to complain of their chronic insubordination and lawlessness. The instinct for disregarding the law is often very refreshing; and schoolmasterly Latin minds, like Miss Keun's, are apt to forget that a nation's vices and virtues are from the same stem. Two of these vices I find disturbing, two which she notes: the undercurrent of violence, as if the people lived under intolerable nervous strain (I think, however, it springs from the refugee rootlessness), and the craven cult of the body. The horror Americans have of their odours and functions is pathetic; but I suppose it is inevitable that machine man, who does not mind working with the meaningless frenzy of a piston and has the courage to hurl himself at 450 miles an hour through space, should be frightened of a fly or a flea.

Miss Odette Keun on the Jews, the American sex-obsession, women, the family, and the American system generally is well-read and shrewd. I am sure she is wrong about the badness of life there for middle-aged women. Surely it is a paradise of activity and power for them. She thinks Communism unlikely for psychological reasons, the ugliness of Fascism rather more likely. There is some of the theatricality of the experienced palmist in her, and she must be read for that kind of entertainment.

William Saroyan

The American short-story writer, some of whose work has been printed in the "Bystander," has published with Faber a collection of sketches and short stories entitled "The Trouble with Tigers." It is reviewed here

"Hope of Heaven" (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John O'Hara, contains a short novel embedded in a number of naturalistic short stories. The novelette is about Hollywood and is a best-seller in America, I suppose because it is free-spoken about sex, but it has little merit. The shorter pieces, though unequal, are better. This is American middle-class life with the blind up, and its tone confirms Miss Keun's suspicion that the intellectual and professional classes are going rapidly downhill because of the money standards. However, it is unfair to treat Mr. O'Hara as sociology, even though he justifies Marx on the bourgeois on every page. Here we see the divorced re-meeting, husbands exchanged, fathers turning up out of shady pasts and engaged in even shadier presents, delivering respectable homilies to their hard-drinking children. And the talk! This is Mr. O'Hara's strong point. He gets not merely the true words but the subjects of conversation. Things, the whole time. Not an idea anywhere. Just motor-cars, contracts, mileage, menus, drinks, women's clothes—all the paraphernalia of an obsessed acquisitiveness, including the sexual. He gets the peculiar oblique style of repartee.

"Well, then, listen, how about this? Suppose you don't love me. Suppose you don't even love this Herbert. . . ."

"Why do you keep calling him this Herbert? Just call him Herbert. I'll get the idea. I'll know who you mean." Drink, sex, and things, life electrically lit—that is Mr. O'Hara. And some unexpected doubts about it all, as in the best story, *In the Morning Sun*, where a mother, looking at her thirty-year-old son, realises that although he may live to be a hundred, he is really finished. It is that strange, possibly misleading feeling one has in moneyed America of being among an exhausted race.

But turn to the mad, spirited sketches of Mr. Saroyan in *The Trouble with Tigers* (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), where, if one cuts out the stuff in his new, overposed and precious manner, there is the weird, half-sentimental, half-prophetic fervour of an anecdotal Whitman, combined with the vernacular humour of O'Henry and Mark Twain. The only humour in English is being written to-day in America:

> In war the skin dries, ages . . . the senses are impaired . . . the brain is witless . . . the hair of the head is coarse, dry, deathly. . . . What is needed is the sturdier and less mortal kind of man. What is needed is the contraption that will do the work and ask no more than a little oil now and then. . . .

I come, at last, and too briefly, to the outstanding novel of this week.

"Hawk Among the Sparrows" (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a quiet, simple, but intensely exciting story about a middle-aged, retired actress; her ex-soldier, allotment-digging husband; their simple, not very brilliant niece, and a prosaic lodger who comes to the house and becomes a symbol of glamour, desire and mystery to them all. Mr. Hawkins is brief, exact and simple. He takes only what he needs; and I have never seen such people more precisely rendered. They are ordinary, but he has found the extraordinary things about them. The young girl rushing to her friend in the shop to tell what the lodger has had for breakfast; the fat, day-dreaming actress, mean, scared, but moving in her vitality; the digging-machine, her husband, living in a stupor because he has no one to boss any more — these are masterly observations. It is not a question of good pages. Each line adjusts a sharper, more exciting focus. The lodger and his clergyman friend are less satisfactory, partly because they have the meaning of the story in their hands. The intellectual is a hawk among sparrows. He inspires wishes, gives them a form, but has no use for the wisher. Yet how little it would take, if the sparrows only knew, to destroy him. There is some preciosity in the book, a good fault in a first novel; the theme is narrow; the intelligent comment, a shade detached from the picture, too much in the nature of criticism, and the scope is, of course, small. But there is no doubt Mr. Hawkins is a new and utterly distinctive voice in the highest levels of contemporary English fiction.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 179

War in Paris

By Kay Boyle

Illustration by Jardine

MRS. HODGES said the first thing she would do in case anything happened would be to get Major Ainslee out of the city. She said it to the concierge and to the femme de ménage and to the man who brought the sand up and put it in basins and saucepans in the corners of the top-floor rooms.

"I don't care a rap about myself," she said, giving him the sharp, icy Boston eye. "Don't you worry about that. I've been through one war right here in this flat. But I'd just like to know beforehand what they intend to do so I can get Major Ainslee away."

The man with the empty sand-bags stood in the hall where the wall rugs, collected in India and Turkey, and the brasses and the dim old paintings hung. He looked patiently at Mrs. Hodges' thin, imperious face, the hawk-fine nose, the waved, grey knotted hair, the black velvet rhine-stoned band that held the throat's folds in leash, and tentatively turned the booklet's pages to No. 3.

"You ought to be safe from gas-bombs up here," he was saying over again, "but if an incendiary bomb hits, you just get out of bed and don't turn the light on but empty one of these pans of sand on top of it. Be careful not to put any water on it because that makes them explode right off. When you've done that, you go downstairs and get into the cellar with the others."

"No, you don't," said Mrs. Hodges, with that relentless accent which even thirty years of Paris could not make sound like French. "Not at all. I'll put the sand on the bomb for you, but then I'll get right back into bed. The Pattersons were trapped in one of your underground abris in 1916. Huddled up with a lot of French people they'd never seen before and the whole house came down on top of them. No, thank you. Not for me."

"You must make every effort to keep the sand dry," said the man again. He shifted from one foot to the other and advanced the booklet towards her, trying to make her see. "It's to be used in case of incendiary bombs or fire. If fire breaks out on your floor, extinguish it with sand. When this supply has been exhausted the city will replace it——"

"The first thing I do," said Mrs. Hodges, eyeing him craftily, "is get Major Ainslee out of Paris. I don't dare risk Fontainebleau with the air-field, but I think Barbizon might be just what I'm looking for. What do you think about Barbizon?" she said, raising her voice as the man opened his mouth to speak again. "What about Barbizon?" she said to the concierge when she brought the mail up in the evening. In the morning she said it again to the femme de ménage when she came in with the marketing.

"Oh, mon dieu, not Barbizon!" said the femme de ménage. She set the black oil-cloth bag on the table and stood breathing hard from the climb up the service stairs. "My husband was telling me last night that what the Germans intend to do after they get Alsace is to fly over and set fire to the forest with bombs. That's the idea they have in the back of their minds. They want to get the whole forest burning and then, when the civil population is out fighting the fire, they'll drop the gas-bombs. Then they can walk straight into Paris without anyone to stop them. That's the kind of thing they're planning to do."

"Well, that puts Barbizon out of the question," said Mrs. Hodges. "Now get to work at once," she said, "and don't stand around wasting any more time chattering about the war."

She walked back into the salon, uncompromisingly considering the possibilities of Chantilly or Dampierre or Senlis. Major Ainslee was sitting out on the balcony, his moustaches as stiff and white as wax. A little wash of autumn sun came through the potted lilacs and bathed him in shallow light as he sat upright, watching the cars five flights below passing down the avenue into the Bois. Mrs. Hodges at down and dialled Mrs. Peterson's number.

"Hello," she said at once when the voice answered at the other end. "I've about made up my mind to get Major Ainslee out of the city. There's partial mobilisation."

"Mildred's leaving for La Bourboule with the children to-night," said the frail, far voice across the wire. "I simply don't know what to do. I don't know whether I ought to sail right straight for home the way Mr. Bullitt says, or take a chance on everything turning out for the best and join Mildred and the——"

"I've been thinking about Senlis," said Mrs. Hodges, sweeping any nonsense aside. "What do you think about Senlis as a place for Major Ainslee? I mean the Senlis near the racing course."

"Well, of course, there's that lovely château there," said the far, delicate voice in doubt.

"Oh, château!" snorted Mrs. Hodges. "I'm not interested in monuments. I'm thinking of the air. He'll be seventeen in two days. Multiply seventeen by eight and you've got a hundred and thirty-four. Nobody of a hundred and thirty-four ought to be asked to sit in a fifth-floor flat and wait for the bombs to fall on him."

"Isn't it a hundred and thirty-six?" said Mrs. Peterson's voice tentatively.

"No, it isn't," said Mrs. Hodges. "It's a hundred and thirty-four."

"Well, I did think that for a cat you were to multiply by five," said the faint, gentle voice. "Five times seventeen would make him—let me see——"

"However you intend to work it out," said Mrs. Hodges shortly, "it makes him a good ten years older than either you or me. At any rate, if he's a hundred and thirty-four——"

"Seven times eight are fifty-six," said Mrs. Peterson's faltering voice.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Can I interest you in a passage home, as soon as this is over?"

Flying Queries

By Charles Ward

It's in the Air

EVERYONE'S attention is focussed on the air these days. Its conquest has produced a mixture of pleasure and pain, not unlike that which results from any discovery or invention, if you pause to analyse it. Why is it that we protect our houses against fire and flood, rats and mice, as a matter of course, but resist the suggestion that individually we should prepare against a possible invasion? It must be that the feeling of security which has persisted ever since Napoleon failed to land in England has become part of our nature. Must we wait until an invasion occurs to prepare our defence? Collectively we possess enough money and enough leisure to make this country impregnable. The individual needs inspiration and direction in order to work for the common good, and it 's in the air that the effort is needed. I saw the film that bears the title of this paragraph, and it 's full of the humour with which we tackle any situation, grave or gay. It should be an incentive to recruiting for the R.A.F., but there are many other ways in which people can do something practical for flying. On a point of information, consult the Bureau at Adastral House, Kingsway, where the Air Ministry maintains a staff to answer all questions. " How can I join the Civil Air Guard—can I help in the Balloon Barrage—how long does it take to fly from England to Cape Town—what is the fastest aeroplane—how much does it cost to fly to Paris—what are the weather conditions between London and Glasgow? " There is no limit to the questions that can be asked—and answered. Pilots, passengers, business men and those elusive people in the street are keen to learn something about the air; how they can use it for pleasure or profit—how they can serve if need arises. The Bureau is entirely free and its range is unlimited.

The Air League

THE position occupied by the Navy League prior to 1914 has been taken by the Air League, but the latter has had the additional opportunity of taking a hand in the actual direction of affairs. The Civil Air Guard and the Air Defence Cadet Corps are products of the Air League. The latter was created for boys between fourteen and eighteen years of age, to whom no chance had been offered previously for service in aviation. A careful balance has been maintained between discipline and physical training, on the one hand, with technical and practical experience, on the other. Every town has or will have an Air Defence Squadron, which is attached to the local R.A.F. unit for camps once a year. Cadet uniform costs 28s., towards which a contribution is made where boys cannot pay themselves. Sir John Salmond is chairman of the Executive Committee, to which a new member has been co-opted recently—the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, himself an owner-pilot and part designer of his own touring aeroplane. The Civil Air Guard had more than 4000 members at the end of last month and had flown 22,000 hours to the end of 1938. Licences held by Air Guards numbered 1434 up to the latter date. Owing to the exceptional response for cheap flying instruction, the volunteers' list has been closed temporarily, except for applicants who have had previous experience as pilots and need a refresher course. An urgent appeal is made to employers of those already enrolled for time off without penalty, so that flying can take place during normal working hours. There is a tremendous rush at week-ends, but 'planes and instructors are still idle from Monday till Friday, owing to lack of pupils. One hitch has been reported in the general scheme for creating interest in the air. Gliding Clubs offered summer camps for Air Cadets, but no plan has been agreed with the Air Ministry. Cadets are too young to learn to fly power-driven aircraft, but gliding provides an outlet whereby they can gain experience which will be valuable when their turn comes to join the Air Guard. The plan was approved, but somehow it has become mislaid.

What We Are Losing

THE *Aeroplane* has drawn attention to the remarkable export figures for American aircraft material during 1938. Whilst we have been busy with rearmament, the States sold thirteen and a half million sterlings' worth of 'planes, engines and spares to foreign countries, including, of course, ourselves. We have taken advantage of the American surplus production to equip the R.A.F. and to supply British Airways with its main fleet, but we have lost the opportunity to establish credits in many other countries. The Far East took 44 per cent. of American aviation exports, Japan paying $11,000,000, to $6,000,000 from China, this being before Secretary of State Cordell Hull put up the bans. Other countries which bought largely from the States were the Dutch East Indies, the Argentine, Russia, Canada, Turkey, Brazil, Mexico, Australia, and Sweden, in all of which there is a distinct leaning towards American types. Prompt delivery, after-sales service and high performance are selling points which count. Germany and Italy are the two leading countries which do not figure in the list.

Events Past and Future

THE KING showed particular interest in some of our secret armament whilst on a two-hour visit to Nash and Thompson's development and experimental works at Tolworth recently. Power-operated gun turrets were demonstrated, and, in one case, a pencil was placed in the barrel of a gun, the mechanic directing the turret so that the pencil wrote the King's name on a piece of paper held in front of the muzzle. This " souvenir " was presented to his Majesty, who folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. Captain " Archie " Frazer-Nash, of motor-racing fame, and Captain E. Gratton Thompson are the prime movers of this enterprising company. Empire Air Day is to be celebrated at all but secret air stations on May 20th, and the R.A.F. will hold its Garden Party on June 24th. There are three aero exhibitions in preparation: at Brussels from July 8th to 23rd, at Copenhagen from August 13th to 18th, and at Milan from October 2nd to 17th. Of the lighter events there is to be an air fête at Cannes on April 11th, where the municipality and the local aero club will be at home to all visitors who fly there. On Friday next, February 24th, the de Havilland Technical School holds its annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. This is one of the season's most enjoyable parties, staged as it is by an organisation which has led the way in the air.

Captain S. R. Mullard, well-known radio expert, with Squadron-Leader Vere Harvey (r.) at the opening of a new officers' mess for No. 615 County of Surrey Squadron, of which the latter is commanding officer. The squadron is a fighter unit of the Auxiliary Air Force and flies at Kenley

Swaebe

Mrs. Gordon Claridge, Squadron-Leader Bryan Thynne, C.O. of No. 601 A.A.F. Squadron, Hendon, Mrs. F. White, and Air-Marshal C. L. Courtney, recently returned from a mission abroad, were amongst other guests at the Kenley cocktail party

Snow Season : Mürren, Gstaad, Schiedegg

Miss Fergusson and Miss Sempill at Mürren

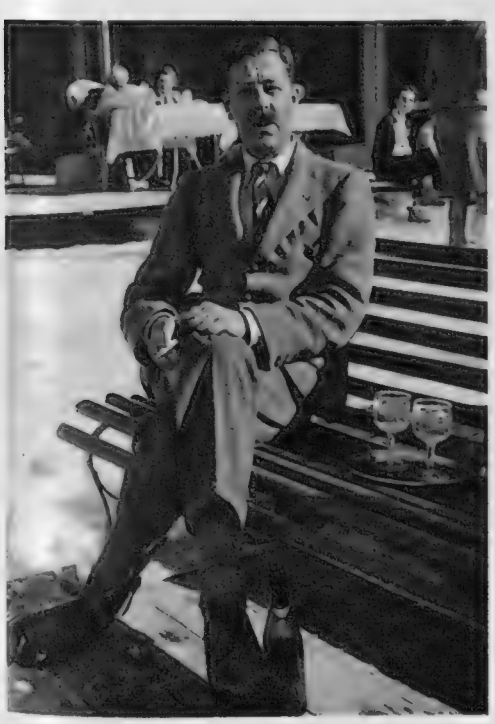
Denise Russell-Fergusson and the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill made a Scottish pair in the sunshine of the Lauterbrunnen Valley: the former, a 1936 deb, lives at Ardtare, Appin, Argyll; the latter is Lord Sempill's younger sister

Mr. Fane and Miss Nolan at Kleine Scheidegg

The pair above were refreshing themselves before one of the runs down to Mürren or Wengen from the high resort on the Jungfrau's shoulder. John Fane is the Hon. Mrs. Harriet Fane's second son; Elizabeth Nolan is an ex-deb journalist

On a Mürren Fence

Miss Jean Sutcliffe makes this pretty picture, in impeccable snow outfit from head to heel. She is the daughter of Mrs. Fay Sutcliffe, of 12, Knightsbridge



On a Mürren Bench

Lord and Lady Edward Hay at Gstaad

On the left, on bench with beer, is Captain Duncan MacRae, younger, of Eilean Donan, heir to his father, who is hereditary keeper of Stirling Castle and Chief of Clan MacRae. Lady Phyllis MacRae, his wife, is Lord Bristol's younger daughter

Actually on skis, and not just sitting out, are Lord Tweeddale's only brother, Major Lord Edward Hay, and his pretty second wife; they chose the Oberland. Lord Edward, whose ski-ing outfit is impromptu but practical, holds his rank from the Grenadier Guards (retd.) and in the Essex Regt., T.A.

In Cannes *was Viscountess Kelburn, walking along the Croisette with a book. She is the wife of the Earl of Glasgow's heir, was Dorothea Lyle before her 1937 marriage, and is the sister of Robin Lyle*

Mediterranean honeymooners *are Mr. and Mrs. Robin Lyle, who were in Cannes on their way to Italy and Egypt. They were married in London three weeks ago. He is Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle's second son, and she is Hungarian, was Emmy von Gosztonyi-Kreiker*

Another honeymoon *couple in Cannes were Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Harvey, who were married at Windsor Castle on the snowiest day in January. She was Anne Wigram, daughter of Lord and Lady Wigram*

The Cottesmore *met at Tilton village last week, and had a good day's sport. Sir Thomas Ainsworth was hunting that day, and talking to him at the meet were Sir Peter Farquhar, joint-Master of the Whaddon Chase for four years until the end of last season, and Lady Farquhar. She was Mrs. Andrew Knowles before their 1937 marriage*

Young marrieds *at the Cottesmore meet at Tilton, were Mr. and Mrs. George Mercer-Nairne. She is American, was Barbara Chase, of Santa Barbara, California. They were married out there last January year, and have a daughter born six weeks ago. He is Lady Violet Astor's son*

Engaged *is Lady Priscilla Willoughby, who was a Cottesmore car follower. Her fiancé is Lt.-Col. Sir John Aird, Bt., Grenadier Guards. She is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster and a fine horsewoman and polo-player*

The family party *at Nawarth Castle had the Earl and Countess of Carlisle for host and hostess. In the group are Mr. and Lady Ankaret Jackson, Lady Carolyn Howard, William Jackson, Lady Carlisle and her husband. Lady Ankaret Jackson is Lord Carlisle's sister, and she and her husband live at High Dyke, Cockermouth. Their son was born in 1927. Lady Carolyn Howard is the Carlisles' only daughter*

Mr. Michael Richard Bernard Rowley

After their wedding, *three times postponed, Mr. and Lady Sibell Rowley went down to Worcestershire and were out with the Croome when they met at Newland Swan, Malvern. Richard Rowley is the son of Mr. G. R. F. Rowley, of the Thorns, Alconbury Weston, Hunts, and the Hon, Mrs. Frederick Cripps. Lady Sibell Rowley is the second of Earl Beauchamp's four daughters. Their wedding finally took place in the Lady Chapel of Brompton Oratory*

Lady Sibell Rowley

Out of Door News Reel

Hunting in England, Ski-ing in Switzerland and Honeymooning on the Riviera

The family trio *at Knebworth Castle are the Earl and Countess of Lytton and their daughter, the Countess of Erne. Lady Erne had only recently returned from ski-ing in Switzerland; she and her husband were at Davos three weeks ago*

Ski-ing at Gstaad *was Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Carpendale, just back from a run on the Hornberg. He gave up his post last year as Deputy Director-General of the B.B.C.*

Leaving Kandersteg *was Viscountess Carlow, with Baron Antoine Dirsztay to see her off from the station in a snowstorm. She has spent half her snow holiday at Kandersteg and half at Mürren, has now passed her Ski Club of Great Britain second-class tests*

Past and Future

By Eleanor E. Helme

WHEN Sir George Langton was speaking at the Ladies' Golf Union dinner the other day, he suggested that the proposed museum had adopted the wrong title. It should not be "The Lady Golfers' Museum," lest ribald outsiders might think of the exhibits as live specimens, but "The Ladies' Golf Museum." However that may be, the museum itself is really getting a move on, and if anybody thinks that they have anything worth exhibiting, they should communicate with Miss Benton or Mrs. Bolton, at the Lady Golfers' Club, 3, Whitehall Court, S.W., where at present glass cases will display the treasures for the gaze of the public on certain specified days.

"Bystander" Foursomes at Monte Carlo

The winners of the mixed bogey foursomes for the "Bystander" cup played round the Mont-Agel course, Monte Carlo, were M. François Vagliano — of the famous golfing family—and Miss Ruth Woodward, a young American. Their score was one up

Mrs. T. H. Miller, Miss Stringer and Mrs. Jessop Hulton lend the right touch of the past to the responsible committee, with Miss Cecil Leitch as the connecting-link with modern times. Nobody is going to forget that it was her hard hitting and strong personality which translated women's golf into its present mode.

TURNING from such gentle recollections as Miss Stringer is supplying with her original red coat, stiff collar, straw sailor hat and voluminous skirt, we progress by natural stages to one of her cherished children, the Girls' Golfing Society, now a healthy adult shortly to come of age. The Girls' championship leaves infancy behind this year, and so it seems extremely appropriate that the Girls' Golfing Society, for which past and present competitors are eligible, should celebrate the year with a new venture. That is nothing more or less than a one-day summer meeting, to be held the day before BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes over the course where these are to be played, namely, Turnberry, and that means the Girls' meeting on Monday, May 8th.

It sounds as if some of the older members, who have perhaps forgotten they ever were girls, will rejoin, with that prospect of five days' competition golf—for the N.P.F.A. competition runs on for those beaten in the foursomes — over the remodelled Ailsa course, which wanders along close to the shore and is reputed now to be as good as it is beautiful. More cannot be said in way of compliment. And the young girls, who will only be competing in the Girls' championship for the first time this year, can join the Society on a reduced subscription of half a crown to cover from now and until the end of 1939. All of which seems very alluring.

SO do the conditions just announced for the *Daily Telegraph* National Tournament for Women Golfers. In the same way as last year, this colossal competition runs through three phases; the first a qualifying round in every club that chooses to hold it, irrespective this year of number of entries; the second, district finals, wherein each club will be represented by its two winners (or their substitutes); and lastly, the Final, over thirty-six holes, which will be played over two courses at Wentworth on Wednesday, July 26th.

If the competition went with a bang last year, this one should be a positive explosion, the tens of thousands of competitors swelling to another nought maybe, not only because players enjoyed themselves so much and have doubtless bruited it abroad, but also because the slight alterations in the conditions make for more competitions and greater joy of battle. As these conditions are being sent to every club, detailed repetition is needless, but it may just be pointed out that the small clubs, who could not raise six silver and/or six bronze competitors for their qualifying round, will no longer be left out of the hunt. If there are less than the six in either division, the qualifying can be played all in one division, the two best net returns, irrespective of division, qualifying for the next stage.

Here comes in the added joy of battle. The two who qualify first will no longer instantly receive tangible reward of merit; the two prizes are to go to the two players from each club who actually represent the club in the district finals. Miss A and Miss B may qualify first, but if they do nothing more, the prizes will go to Miss C, Miss D, or even Miss Y and Z, if it is they, not Miss A and Miss B, who go to District Finals. Nor does the Silver winner necessarily take the "silver" ashtray, as opposed to the "bronze." That is to depend on which does the better score in the district final. Here indeed is cause for battle. No matter this year how badly Miss A, B, or C is doing, so that she knows all hope of the final Final to be vain, she still has an object, for Miss D or E from her own club may quite possibly be doing even worse; and so she will persevere to the end, however bitter, in the determination to earn the "silver" ashtray, not the "bronze." All of which will add zest to an already immensely popular contest.

So much for the future. For the present, here is a glorious morning of sun, and the first of county second-team matches is due to start in a couple of hours. So boot, saddle, to horse and away, as they said, if not in the Lady Golfers' Museum, at least in the good old days.

Next Week

Entry form for the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes to be played at Hesketh, April 18–21

The day for the "Bystander" foursomes at Mont-Agel dawned bright, sunny and warm, with Corsica visible across the Mediterranean; later, mist came up, but did not hinder play. Here Mrs. L. H. Seccombe putts, watched by Mr. Seccombe (behind caddie), Mr. R. G. Simmons and Mrs. Goldman. The latter pair were runners-up with two down

Mrs. Carlos Clarke, driving, played in the "Bystander" foursomes with her husband; they came seventh, with seven down. Behind her can be seen—club under arm—Major Blandford, who was also partnered by his wife

Lambert & Butler, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. M.2.A

These Matinée filter tipped Virginia cigarettes in their slim black case cost 1/- for 15

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The New Deal

WHEN the members of the public schools' golfing societies, who will represent more than fifty schools, arrive at Deal this year to take part in the Halford Hewitt entertainment, they will find that extensive alterations have been carried out to the course.

It will be remembered that, just over a year ago, the course was flooded by the sea. Owing to the fact that a long spell of dry weather was experienced after the flooding, the course had no chance of recovering in time for the Open Championship to be played on it last July, and this Championship had to be transferred to the neighbouring course of the Royal St. George's Golf Club at Sandwich.

It must indeed have been most disheartening to those members of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. who had expended so much time and money to assure that their course would be a fit test for those golfers who take part in the most important golf competition in the world. I feel sure that golfers generally sympathise most sincerely with them. Nevertheless, the future may show that the wind, which assisted an exceptionally high tide to flood the course last February, was not altogether an ill wind.

THE members of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. very wisely took the view that it would not be a sound policy to make good the damage, if the greens were likely to suffer again the next time the sea breaks through. It was therefore decided to replace the greens which had suffered most by new greens, constructed on higher ground, which would be above flood-level.

The club was very fortunate to have available sites for new greens, which not only removed the danger of flooding, but also, at the same time, provided better and most interesting golfing holes. It was decided to carry out the construction of new greens at the first, fifth and fourteenth holes, and extensive alterations at holes four, five, eight, nine, thirteen and fourteen.

The biggest improvement of all is the entirely new fourteenth hole. The green to this hole has been constructed in the sandhills beyond and slightly to the left of the old green, which was very severely damaged by the flooding.

The new hole can be played by giants from the old fourteenth teeing grounds, and new teeing grounds have also been made over the thirteenth green. As the new green is bunkered on the right and has on the left a slope down to a deep turf hollow, I certainly prefer the new teeing grounds, and if these tees are in play, the straight slog home, which has already been broken by a new tee to the thirteenth hole to the right, instead of the left of the twelfth green, will be broken at another place.

I DO not think that there will be any doubt that the new tees will provide much more interesting tee shots for all classes of golfers than the old tees. The replacing of the old fourteenth hole, which had little to recommend it and which was surely the worst hole on the course, by a really good hole alone strengthens the course very considerably.

The new first green has been constructed on higher ground, just in front of the old tees to the second hole, which have been moved further to right, and now provide a more awkward tee shot. A new fairway to the fifth hole has been made along the seashore, from which not only can the surface of the new green, which is just in front of the old sixth tees, be seen, but also a large expanse of seascape. At Deal, since the alterations to the course, there are more views over the sea than can be enjoyed at the other championship courses.

At the ninth hole, a new fairway has been constructed to the right of the old one, which suffered severely from the flood, and the green has been rebunkered. The thirteenth green, which always looked very artificial, has been remodelled, and had its back pushed further to the right. This hole will now, from the new tee, probably be the best hole on the course.

The remodelling of the new fourth hole has been completed, and the bunkering of the eighth hole has received attention. Features have been added at the seventh, twelfth and eighteenth holes. I shall be extremely surprised if the Open Championship of 1942 is not played at Deal. The New Deal will have its baptism of fire on the Friday after Easter, when the Halford Hewitt tournament starts. This year the semi-finals, as well as the final, will be played on the Monday, which is a new procedure. One school, unless anything unforeseen happens, will have the assistance in the firing line of a reigning King. He is a very good player, and has beaten me—need I say more about his skill as a golfer ?

Ronnie Hardman

Hardman, a former Walker Cup player, is Birkdale's captain for 1939, and as such will be in charge during the English Close Championship

The
"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Conditions and entry form will be found on the back cover of this issue

H. J. T. Neilson and K. F. North, of Woking, beat their Cambridge opponents, J. P. Mann and J. M. Large, by 3 and 2 in the match at Woking, which the University did well to win by ten matches to eight

H. L. Turner and T. P. Whitaker were another of the three Woking pairs who were successful in the doubles against the undergraduates. They beat A. G. Buchanan and J. R. Cater 2 and 1

Austin F. Carris has been appointed a director of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, and is organising their golf meeting for March 25th and 26th, a week after the "Bystander" £500 Trophy meeting at Weston

This England . . .

Widecombe-in-the-Moor

IF you be not of these parts you may never have heard of the rider who clattered into Widecombe one wicked night, demanding ale. When it sizzled in his throat the worthies were taken aback; but when he tethered his horse to the church itself and the steeple fell with a dreadful noise, then were they frighted indeed! And the devil of it is that the steeple did fall—in October, 1638. But you do not have to be a Devonian to have sung of Tom Pearce—in places far removed from whitewash and thatch and grim, wild moor . . . sung maybe till the ale nigh sizzled in your own throat. For the English guard well these things—old tales to tell, old songs to sing, and old-fashioned beer (called Worthington these days) to mellow voice and heart.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

On duty: Reginald McCooey at his desk in his office in Holborn

Personality Page

Reginald McCooey

His Speciality—Making Friends

Reginald McCooey, born of Irish parents at Westward Ho! in Devon, knocked about a bit before his present job, sales supervisor with Messrs. James Buchanan. He was with the Intelligence in the war and saw some pretty queer things, likewise with Scotland Yard in the peace. But he decided this work brought him too much up against the seamy side and went into commerce. Of his many interests, making friends is his chief, and he does this sedulously wherever he goes—witness his recent flying tour of America, when he came back with a multitude of photographs of "me and So-and-so" (two below). And they say the farewell party given to him in Hollywood is still remembered as a landmark in the hospitable year. As a golfer and pupil of Henry Cotton, he has collected numerous trophies. He is captain of the Screen Golfing Society, has won the William Harrison and Distillers' cups on two occasions. And now he thinks of entering the Turf world as joint-owner with Dudley Williams (Kellsboro' Jack's one-time jockey). There are not many strata where "Mac" is not known and remembered with a smile. In fact, McCooey escapes the penalties of fame but reaps its rewards

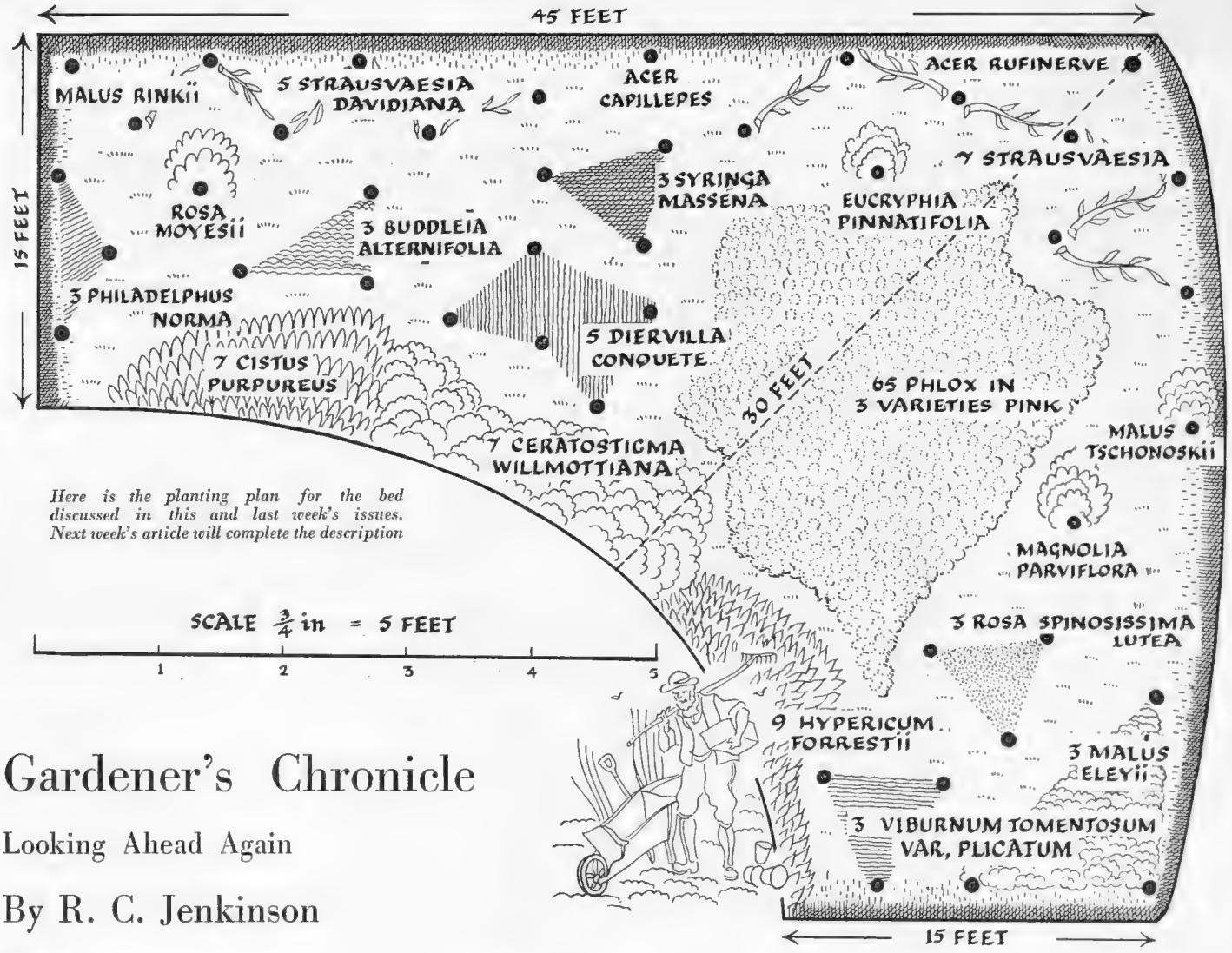
In Hollywood: *Victor McLaglen and Wallace Ford were making "Gunga Din" (see page 263) when McCooey was there, were photographed with him*

Nelson Eddy *was another Hollywood friend made by McCooey when he flew the 3000 miles across the American continent*

DUNLOP Fort

THE TYRE WITH TEETH

FOR *YOUR* SAFETY



Here is the planting plan for the bed discussed in this and last week's issues. Next week's article will complete the description

Gardener's Chronicle

Looking Ahead Again

By R. C. Jenkinson

More Middle-Distance Shrubs

A burst of spring sunshine has at last brought new life to the garden. But we must not let that tempt us from our imaginary flowering-bed, left half-finished last week. We had at the back acers, malus and strauvæsia; and then, so far, roses, lilac, philadelphus, eucryphia, buddleia, and a cornus. Now the snowball, viburnum tomentosum, var. plicatum is indispensable. As its name implies, it carries, in May, white balls, not in ones or twos, but in the greatest profusion. It is one of the forms of guelder rose which have no small fertile, or seed-bearing, flowers. Each flower is surrounded by four large white bracts, so that the whole is gayer than a tennis-ball cut in half.

For June there are several good Diervillas (weigelias), crimson, pink or white. They have funnel-shaped flowers in little bunches along the side shoots. My favourite is one called styriaca, a lovely clear rose-pink; the best dark one is still Eva Räthke. Two or three deutzias flower at the same time—I cannot help using Latin names, there is no other way of describing plants, and one has just got to master them! Here, again, where so many are good, the only way is to see them in a friend's or a nursery garden, and note what you like. They cover themselves with white or pinkish-mauve flowers in short spikes; they are of dwarf or medium height: the two that I shall put into this particular bed are called kalmiæflora, a dwarfish single white one, and Magicien, with large, pale lilac flowers. Then one comes to magnolia parviflora, from Japan; a spring frost will "catch" it, but that remark applies to so many good things that one must put up with such set-backs. It makes a spreading bush of some ten feet or more, opening its flowers at intervals from late May to late June, each flower cup shaped, scented, snowy white, with a bunch of purple stamens in the centre, about three inches across. It is perfectly lovely, and you can plant it either as a specimen in the bed planned below, or in a clump of five or more plants in a group beside your woodland walk.

Low Shrubs

Amongst plants to dress the front of our bed, the various cistus, or rock rose, come very high for June and July. Although the flowers last but a day, opening in early morning and falling during the afternoon, they are born in such profusion that they maintain a glorious display—white, pink, or yellow; of from two to five or more feet, evergreen and bushy. All but the hardiest will die out in cold, clammy soils. Give them a light, well-drained position, in full sun. The well-known gum cistus, C. Ladaniferus, white with chocolate eye; C. purpurens, large vivid pink; C. Corbariensis, dwarf and white; and C., or Halimium Concolor as it should properly be called, clear yellow, will all have their place. I am fond of silver foliage, and for this no plant is more valuable than the shrubby groundsel, senecio greyii, from New Zealand. It is evergreen, with grey foliage, silver white beneath, and its flower-stalks and buds are glistening white; these are followed by yellow daisy flowers, pretty for a week, but turning to dirty brown, so should be cut off as soon as they fade. Really, they are the least attractive part about a good plant.

There are several nice dwarf veronicas, with foliage in shades of green or grey—I like best one called, I believe, nigricans, with soft dove-grey leaves and white flowers, and Autumn Glory, royal blue and flowering until frosts stop it. For golden yellow, commend me to hypericum, or St. John's Wort: never failing stalwarts either creeping, or up to two or three feet, with a galaxy of cups enclosing a fuzz of stamens. The species called Patulum gives us two of the best of them in its forms called Forrestii and grandiflorum, of which the latter has its cups turned inside out, so that the stamens dance most daintily forwards: these two both grow to about two and a half feet, and I think are best pruned hard back in late March or April. The dwarfest growing of the hypericums make mats of close foliage on which the flowers sit star-like. Of these I would select H. rodopæum, for its glaucous leaves and pale yellow flowers.

Oddments

Ceratostigma willmottianum—what a name for a small plant!—has cobalt-blue flowers from July to September, and should be planted in conjunction with the golden St. John's Worts. In the open border it will only grow a couple of feet tall, and is very lovely. Berberis provides a multitude of good plants; however, for this bed I want only two: calliantha and stenophylla coccinea, or another of its dwarf forms. Both are evergreen and prickly, with dark glossy green leaves, small in the latter, much larger and silver beneath, in the former. Calliantha has lemon-yellow cups, large for this family, while the other becomes in early May a warm orange ball. The accompanying plan shows how I would arrange certain plants in a forty-five foot section in the bed I have been discussing.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

SKIRT lengths rise and fall with the tide of fashion, hats pursue their own erratic and incalculable course, the collections present an exciting but bewildering variety; but one thing remains constant. The suit. The suit changes; but it remains comfortingly familiar. It stands the test of time, but it marches with the times. This interpretation of Fashion's stand-by comes from Harrods, Knightsbridge. The material is a fine fancy hopsack. The jacket fits well and closely over the hips and has a 1939 nipped-in waistline. The inverted pleat in the skirt is set unusually high, so that the wearer can really "step out." A chiffon scarf is attached to the back of the collarless neckline, disposing at once of the problem of scarves which "climb" up the back of the neck. This one will look neat for as long as you like. The price of the suit, ready-to-wear, is 9½ guineas

Compliment to Your Suit

Scott Bushe

A NEW spring suit is the cue for new spring blouses, and here are three "stars of the cast" from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road. They go in for machine-stitching by way of ornamentation. The blouse at the top of the page is good for days when it is warm enough to wear a suit without furs, for the bow at the neck "breaks" the line of the jacket collar. The price is 29/6, in many colours, including cyclamen and fuchsia, and an excellent pale green, as cool and crisp-looking as the inside of a lettuce. The centre blouse "buttons through" and has some fullness gathered into its stitched neck band. A waistcoat always gives a good line under a suit. The double collar on this one is unusual, and effectively prevents the blouse from looking too severe. 35/9—and ask to see it in "clay-glow"—a rusty Devon red

Bath essence in a pleasing pottery container, from the Medici Galleries, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. Two fragrances—"After Rain" and "Summer Night"—specially distilled for the Galleries. The graceful Chinese bottle on the right contains rose-water or lavender-water, to be used as a perfume or a toilet water. Three shillings, packed in an attractive wooden drum

Fountain pens should always be filled with the same brand of ink to avoid corrosion. So, besides being a luxury by looks, this travelling ink in its cheerfully decorated container is almost a necessity. Medici Galleries have it, price 2s. 6d. It is a good gift for children going back to school

For glamorous nights, this necklace of shaggy pink dahlias strung on golden leaves. Good with an off-shoulder neckline, and only 29s. 6d., from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street

Two newly-in-for-spring gloves from Debenham and Freebody. Above, a soft pearl cape-skin—described as "foolproof washable"—braided in black and intended for your new black suit. The three-quarter glove is made in fine suède and trimmed with broderie Anglaise

For special evenings, for a baby bridesmaid, or for a bride, a bracelet of orange blossom and silver and green leaves, 12s. 6d. Go and see Edward Goodyear, of 1, Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, who will make flower bracelets to your own specifications

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

EVEN at this early stage, entries are beginning to reach the Royal Automobile Club for their 1000-miles Rally which takes place from April 25th to 29th, finishing at Brighton. A finishing-point so close to London means, of course, that a vast throng of spectators will watch the eliminating tests on the Friday and will stay over to appraise the coachwork on the Saturday. Doubtless this will have a beneficial effect upon the number of trade entries and will greatly augment competition between those taking part.

The R.A.C. has now announced the official hotels at the various controls throughout the Rally, these being as follows:

AYLESBURY	THE BULL'S HEAD HOTEL.
BLACKPOOL	THE IMPERIAL HYDRO HOTEL.
BRIGHTON	THE METROPOLE HOTEL.
BUXTON	THE PALACE HOTEL.
CALLANDER	DREADNOUGHT HOTEL.
DOLGELLEY	THE ROYAL SHIP HOTEL.
KING'S LYNN	THE GLOBE HOTEL.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS	THE PUMP HOUSE HOTEL.
LONDON	ACE OF SPADES GARAGE, Great West Road, Hounslow.
SCARBOROUGH	GRAND HOTEL.
SOUTHPORT	THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, Lord Street.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON	THE FALCON HOTEL.
TENBY	THE ROYAL GATE HOUSE HOTEL.
TORQUAY	THE GRAND HOTEL.

As to the coachwork competition part of the proceedings, the R.A.C. is advising intending competitors that, in declaring any extra expense incurred for additional fittings, replacements, decoration, or substitution of material so far as the chassis is concerned, only that which relates to external parts affecting appearance will be taken into account in determining the total value of the car. Also the definition of a drop-head coupé requires that such bodies must be fitted with hinged cant-rails. To this should be added "or their equivalent."

These amendments have been included to bring the regulations into line with the standard rules approved by the S.M.M. and T. for Coachwork Competitions ranking for trade participation.

TALKING of rallies, probably the most ambitious effort of all in this direction is that organised by the Junior Car Club (whose new name, by the way, has not yet been selected). In fact, the J.C.C. may claim to have started something new in motoring holiday fashions when, in 1936, they organised the first rally to the U.S.A. and Canada.

This summer a further rally is being organised, and there is every indication that, following the lead of the club, trans-Atlantic motoring holidays will increase in popularity—especially in view of unsettled conditions on the Continent. That a motoring holiday in America is practicable, and not necessarily expensive, is demonstrated by recent details issued by the club.

An undoubted attraction in the Rally is the fact that the party, on the outward journey, will travel on the new Mauretania on her maiden voyage. An intriguing itinerary has been arranged, including a three-days stay in New York for the World's Fair, etc. Other cities to be visited include Washington, Indianapolis, and Chicago, and the route itself will take the travellers through some of the most attractive American country. Considerable interest has been displayed in America in this forthcoming event, and the J.C.C. party will be the guests of various organisations. An extension itinerary gives members the opportunity of a Canadian

(*Concluded on page viii*)

Safety First posters: *Sir Philip Game, Mr. Frank Pick and Mr. Kenneth Bird ("Fougasse") judged posters in a competition organised by the National "Safety First" Association, at Caxton Hall*

WELCOME ALWAYS
KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S
Morella
CHERRY
BRANDY
QUEEN'S-The Original
SPORTSMAN'S - Dry
"Just one of the many occasions when it is so welcome."
Whispers Little Lady Liqueur

SPORTING PRINTS
The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.
Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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The faster the game, the higher the excitement, the more you will enjoy a whisky highball made with "Canadian Club."
Essential for Cocktails
Perfect for Long Drinks
BY APPOINTMENT
"CANADIAN CLUB"
Whisky
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LTD., 170-3 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. *Distillery,* Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. Est. 1858

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Carters
TESTED SEEDS
GARDEN & LAWN
CATALOGUE FREE
RAYNES PARK,
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Carters TESTED SEEDS

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Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help!
Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by
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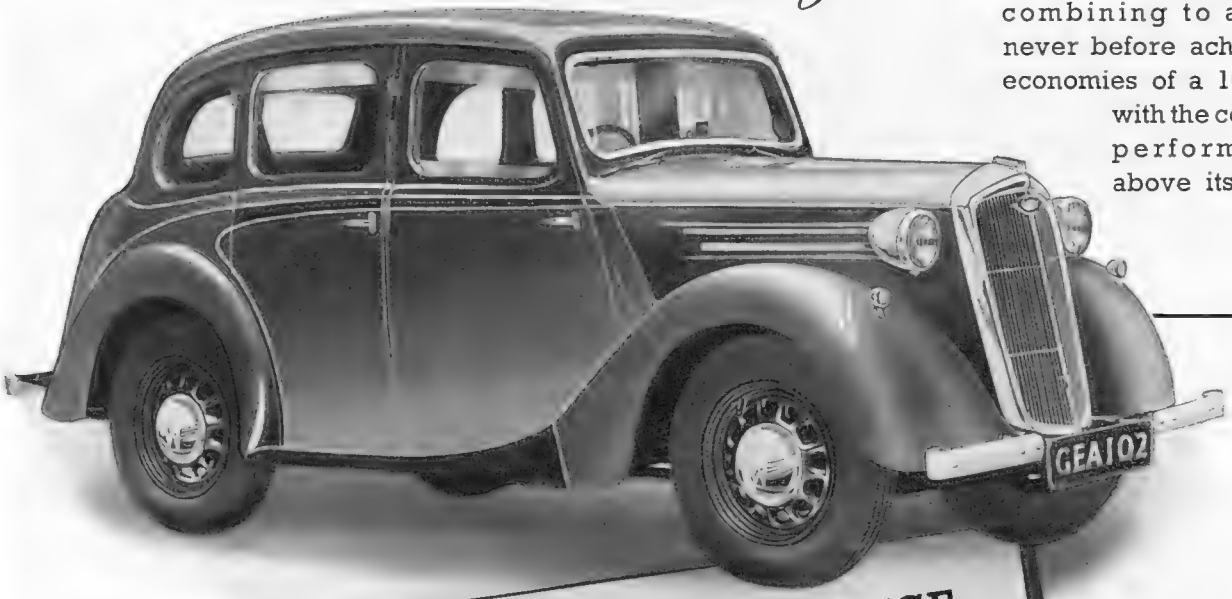
THE
SALVATION
ARMY

WOLSELEY

announce NEW Luxury 'TEN'

combining to a degree never before achieved, the economies of a 10 h.p. car with the comfort and performance far above its rating.



EXCEPTIONAL PERFORMANCE
from the lively but reliable 4 cyl. o.h.v. engine developing 40 b.h.p.

LOW FUEL CONSUMPTION
due to incorporation of power-plus cylinder heads delivering **more power per pint of petrol.**

DUNLOPILLO UPHOLSTERY
cradled in long supple coil springs, gives remarkable comfort.

LAVISH INTERIOR FINISH
Real walnut; choice woods; hand-polished. Real leather trim.

PHASED SUSPENSION
smooths out road shocks and eliminates pitch and sway.

PRICE £215
TAX: £7·10·0
WITH JACKALLS £220
(PRICES EX-WORKS)

SEE ONE AT YOUR WOLSELEY DEALER'S

Wolseley Motors Ltd. standardize Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Safety Glass, and Jackall Jacks.

Longleys

Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., at Ward End, Birmingham, 8; Distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley Street, W.1, and exported by M. I. E. Ltd., Oxford.

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page vi)

trip to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and other places of interest. The Rally will also, in effect, be a splendid display of high-grade English cars. The departure date is June 17th and the return date July 16th. The all-in cost per person ranges from 89 guineas, and first-class hotels (such as the Waldorf-Astoria, New York) are used throughout.

OFFERING congratulations to the Wolseley Company upon their latest achievement tends to become a little monotonous. Scarcely had their trans-desert record-breaking feat become a fait accompli when they carried off the principal coachwork award in the hard-fought Monte Carlo Rally. Now they break the headlines again—this time with a noteworthy engineering achievement. For only in such terms as these is it possible to do justice to the new Wolseley " Ten."

This magnificent little car is a worthy descendant of a long line of best-sellers. It is, in fact, a true multum-in-parvo proposition, for, unlike some low-powered cars, it has not been built down to the smaller class, but is the result of an intensive campaign of building *round* a 10-h.p. engine. The result is a car which is perfectly proportioned in every detail, and which ranks in consequence not as a collection of units comprising a conglomerate whole, but as one carefully-planned and carefully-produced entity. The new Wolseley " Ten " may justly rank as the first real luxury light car. In appearance it is quite deceptively large—an effect achieved undoubtedly by scrupulous proportioning of every feature. Girder construction of the chassis and body has been adopted, enabling weight to be saved, and strength and safety to be added. The very reliable four-cylinder overhead-valve engine develops 40 b.h.p., and here again the most modern features of design have been incorporated, the shape of the cylinder-head having been developed by special research so that every ounce of power from every pint of petrol is put to good account.

On the road this new Wolseley is notably brisk and responsive. Its maximum speed is 70 m.p.h., but even more gratifying is the eager pick-up that its engine provides. Another important development of interest to the experienced motorist is the provision of Dunlopillo upholstery. The makers believe that comfort for the driver is of paramount importance, as it keeps him alert and unfatigued at the wheel and so promotes safety. The soft and resilient Dunlopillo upholstery is therefore mounted on a spring web foundation which gives a degree of comfort that is unusual in a car of this category. Similarly the rest of the car interior is finished in high-quality style, polished walnut facia-board and fillets and best leather being used. Although the car has particularly fine lines and is neat in appearance, the amount of accommodation for four passengers is striking and a tribute to the designer's art. Large windows and carefully raked screen give perfect visibility, and the effective ventilating system prevents stuffiness while avoiding draughts. Phased suspension ensures smooth riding at all times, and running is quiet. There are many refinements which will appeal to the motorist. These include four-door body, twin windscreen-wipers, large dynamo, and high torque starter motor. Lockheed hydraulic brakes are provided and synchro-mesh on second, third and top gears. Contours are elegant and the coachwork beautifully finished.

The Wolseley " Ten " at £215, or £220 with Jackall hydraulic jacks, is priced a little higher than the usual run of 10-h.p. cars, but its sponsors have decided that quality, rather than quantity, production should be their aim. The result is a car which will delight all discriminating motorists.

Austin in the Tropics: *this marque is ideal for India, never boils in the heat and is reliable on bad roads. The " Goodwood " saloon here is at Mahatleshwar, 4250 ft. above sea-level*

War in Paris

(Continued from page 272)

" Don't forget the mistake you made about Snow White," said Mrs. Hodges bitterly.

" Well, that wasn't exactly a mistake," said Mrs. Peterson across the wire. " I just remarked that of course it wasn't really Snow White singing. I just said it was someone else singing at the same time that Snow White——"

" There was never any question of an animated drawing singing," said Mrs. Hodges. " What do you think about Senlis ? " she said. " What do you think about Dampierre or Senlis ? " she said to the concierge when she brought the mail up in the evening. " Your old Daladier 's flown off to London with Bonnet. You can't tell what they 're up to. I 'd better get Major Ainslee out of Paris."

She said it again to the femme de ménage when she came in from the service stairs the next morning. The femme de ménage put the oil-cloth bag on the table and suddenly began to cry.

" My husband 's mobilised," she said. " He 's leaving."

" Precautionary measures," said Mrs. Hodges. " They have to do something to keep themselves busy while Hitler 's talking his head off."

At this moment Major Ainslee came into the kitchen to inspect the food. He walked narrowly through the door, placing one foot with care before the other, on that invisible wire age had drawn taut between life and utter extinction. The countless hinges of his tail were visible through its thinning hairs as he entered with the smartly-corsetted look which old cats wear, gone in their last year to gaunt distinction instead of to slumbering sterility.

" Come here, Major—come here, my dear," said Mrs. Hodges, the eye on him bleak as New England winter while she reached for the marshmallow tin. " He 'll miss taking the powder off the tissue paper," she said, as she leaned down to him, holding the box out in her thin, severely wedding-ringed, discreetly-diamonded, ancient hand. His tongue came out between his four unsteady yellowish teeth and tried the marshmallows' powder. " La Bourboule," murmured Mrs. Hodges in irritation. " Mrs. Peterson's daughter-in-law and grandchildren have rushed off like crazy to La Bourboule. They may be singing another tune by now."

In the morning the concierge came up and said everything would be all right now because the Americans were coming over. President Roosevelt had telephoned Hitler and said if he didn't watch out, they were coming over the way they did the last time. He said they 'd stood enough, and Hitler was to leave the French alone. Whether Mrs. Hodges heard this or whether she didn't, she went into the salon and dialled Mrs. Peterson's number on the telephone.

" Hello," she said at once. " What does Mildred think of La Bourboule ? "

" Well, she says she likes it very much," Mrs. Peterson's voice wavered across the wire. " I 'm still trying to make up my mind just what I ought to do. Mildred says everything is very quiet and nice there, and she wants me to join them. I don't know if I feel strong enough to undertake the trip home right now or——"

" I thought if Mildred liked La Bourboule I 'd take Major Ainslee down," said Mrs. Hodges. " After I 'd got him settled I could come back and get on with the fall turn-out. He likes the sand they brought up for their bombs. He 's been in the sand all morning."

" The booklet they gave me says you ought to try to keep it dry," said Mrs. Peterson uncertainly.

" Rubbish ! " said Mrs. Hodges.

" Well, just turn to page three," said the frail, fading voice. " I 'm sure you 'll——"

" What about that water-colour of Cézanne's you told me was a Marin ? " said Mrs. Hodges in contempt. " Nobody could possibly have taken it for a Marin even from across the room."

" Why, I said afterwards," said the voice, reaching thin, breakable over streets, roofs, houses, over a city's almost hopelessly waiting despair, " I said, I thought it showed Marin had certainly been very much influenced by——"

" Are there any munition factories near La Bourboule ? " interrupted Mrs. Hodges.

" Oh, I don't know," said the expiring voice. " I didn't ask Mildred that. When do you think you might go down there ? "

" It depends on Mussolini," said Mrs. Hodges shortly. [THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE " BYSTANDER " GOLF COUPON
FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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Awaiting your Attention

The arrival of our choice from the Paris collections; the charm and gaiety of the new spring designs find an ideal setting in the striking decor of our new model millinery salon.

Original Paris Model

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Vandyk

Pamela Gaskell

Is the elder daughter of the late Wing-Comdr. A. B. Gaskell, D.S.C., and Lady Bowhill, and step-daughter of Air Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, Coastal Command, Lee-on-Solent; her fiancé is Flt.-Lieut. R. G. Seys, D.F.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Seys, of Arbon Grove, Chertsey

Kay Vaughan

Ann Courtenay Edmonds

Is engaged to A. Graham Douglas, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Douglas, of Ham House, South Nutfield, Surrey. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. C. H. W. Edmonds, of Buckland, Betchworth, Surrey, is an air-pilot and gliding expert, and has written a book, "Pilots Only"

Pearl Freeman

Jacqueline Lemmon

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. C. H. Lemmon, of Burleigh, Stroud, Glos., and is engaged to Alistair Hugh Richmond Bourne, R.A.F., son of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. H. Bourne, of 65, Woodmansterne Road, Purley, Surrey

Catherine Bell

Margueritta Sparks

Has announced her engagement to Sub-Lieut. R. C. H. D'Oyly, only son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. W. H. D'Oyly, of Broadstone, Dorset. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sparks, of 56, Queen's Gardens, W.2

Kay Vaughan

Josephine Alexandra Stabb

Is the daughter of the late Sir Newton Stabb and Lady Stabb, of Farnham Hall, Saxmundham, Suffolk, and is engaged to Sq.-Leader Lawrence W. Burgess, R.A.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Burgess, of 68, Palace Court, W.8

Lenare

Mollie Murless

Mary (Mollie) Murless is the only daughter of the late Henry Owen Murless and Mrs. Murless, of 51, Hanover Gate Mansions, N.W., and is engaged to Bernard Sutton Lewis, second son of Colonel and Mrs. L. C. Lewis, of Longford Lodge, Hampton

Bassano

Mary Felicity Williams

Is engaged to Lt.-Com. William G. Crawford, son of the late H.E.V. Crawford, and Mrs. Crawford, of Wyld Court, Axminster. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Williams, and she is the granddaughter of Col. Sir R. Williams, Bart., of Bridehead, Dorchester

Haines

Ina Maud Kenny

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. de P. Kenny, of Avonmore, Umbria Street, Roehampton; she is to marry, on March 3rd, Dermot Stephen Toole, R.A.M.C., elder son of the late S. J. Toole, of Killiney, Co. Dublin, and Mrs. Toole

Catherine Bell

Carmen Isabel Wormell

Is engaged to Arthur Harley Nott, Worcestershire Regiment, son of the late J. Harley Nott and Mrs. Harley Nott, of Bodenham Hall, near Hereford. She is the daughter of the Rev. Rowland and Mrs. Wormell, of Broadview, Sidcup, Kent

Navana

Elizabeth Rachel Beaven

Is engaged to Charles Seddon Norton Walker, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Norton Walker, of Norton Court, Gloucester. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Beaven, of Oakwood Lodge, Chislehurst, and the R.M.A., Woolwich

Catherine Bell

Cynthia Margaret Stow

Is the daughter of the late Sir Alexander Stow, and Lady Stow, of 35, Dover Street, W.1. She has announced her engagement to Major W. J. Colyer, 9th Jat Regiment, son of the late James Colyer and Mrs. Colyer, of Hove

Catherine Bell

Kathleen Dagwell

Is the daughter of the late Captain Hugh Henry and Mrs. Dagwell, of Oakbank, Whitehead, N. Ireland; she is to marry Reginald Henry Crompton, son of the late J. R. Crompton and Mrs. Crompton, of Wix Hill House, West Horsley, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Mary Desiderata Colvile

Is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. K. N. Colvile, of 10, The Terrace, R.M.C., Camberley. She is engaged to John Brownlow Peacock, 9th Gurkha Rifles, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Peacock, of Edington, Bridgwater, Somerset

Pearl Freeman

Norah Wyndham Freer

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice C. L. Freer, of Wolvey Hall, near Hinckley, Leicestershire, and is to marry Allesley Henry Corbet Ward-Boughton-Leigh, only son of the late Captain Henry Ward-Boughton-Leigh and Mrs. Leigh, of Brownsover Hall, near Rugby

Kay Vaughan

Monica Priestman

Is the youngest daughter of Bertram Priestman, R.A., and Mrs. Priestman, of 22, Egerton Gardens, S.W.; her fiancé is Captain John Vernon Topham, Poona Horse, only son of the late John Topham and Mrs. Topham, of Strawberry Hill, Middlesex

Pearl Freeman

Hrothgarde Gibson

Is the second daughter of the Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and Mrs. Paul Gibson, and is engaged to Ian MacAdam, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. MacAdam, of Shabani Mine, Southern Rhodesia, and 5, Marchhall Road, Edinburgh

Todd — Cope

Angus T. Todd, son of the late Ernest Todd and Mrs. Todd, of Welham Manor, Welham Green, Herts., and Phyllis Cope, only child of Sir Ralph and Lady Cope, of 6, Brondesbury Park, N.W.6, were married at Hampstead Parish Church

Callender — Shaw

David Ivan Hugo Callender, Royal Scots, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. D. A. Callender, of St. Mary's Tower, Dunkeld, Perthshire, and Ruth Isobel Shaw, daughter of the late E. K. Shaw, and Mrs. Shaw, of Lahore, India, were married at the Cathedral Church of Lahore

Kinross — English

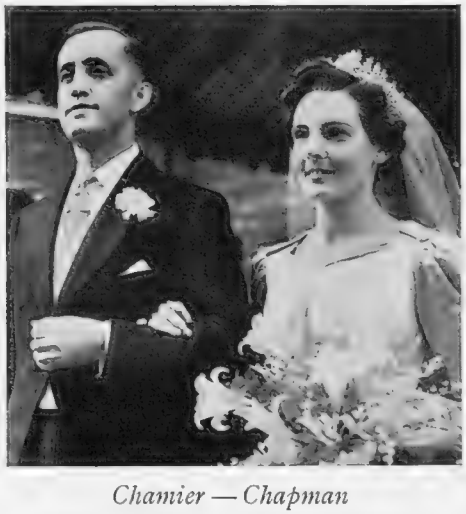
Rupert Ivor Kinross, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kinross, of 3, De Vere Gdns., W.8, and Cecily Patience English, of 4, Ashburn Gdns., S.W.7, daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. R. English, of Khami, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Stacey — Shaw

Flight-Lieutenant F. T. Stacey, son of Mr. Thomas Stacey, of Castlefields, Buckingham, married Mrs. S. Shaw, of 26, Archway Close, W.2, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The wedding was attended by many Royal Air Force officers

Lashmore — Mackay

Lieut. Martin Ernest Lashmore, R.N., younger son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Lashmore, of 31, Meadway Court, N.W.11, and Iona Stuart Mackay, only daughter of the late J. S. Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, of 14, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street



Chamier — Chapman

Captain Saunders Edward Chamier, of Pilmoor Estate, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S., only son of the late Captain S. Chamier and Mrs. Herbert Cory, married Mary Frances Isabella Chapman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chapman, of Hillfield, Harrow-on-the-Hill, at St. James's, Spanish Place

GOING AWAY

The "Bystander's" February Travel Guide: By Hugh C. Wallace

● GOING AWAY . . . COMPILED BY ONE OF THE MOST INVETERATE AND EXPERIENCED OF TRAVELLERS, THIS SECTION OF THE "BYSTANDER" APPEARS EACH MONTH. IT DISCUSSES THE IDEAL CRUISES AND RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, IN GOOD TIME FOR RESERVATIONS TO BE MADE

Cruising in Ionian Seas

SELECTING a cruise is ever so much more exciting than solving a cross-word puzzle. All sorts of questions clamour for answers. In what direction do we want to go? What places in particular do we desire to see? Do we wish to do a jaunt in a regular cruise-boat, or does our taste incline us, rather, to make a round on a steamer doing a regular circuit?

For a spring cruise the Mediterranean is hard to beat, and it may be worth while paying a visit in thought to some of its resorts, more especially those of the Ionian Sea. As we sit looking alternately at a map and at the enticing circular of some shipping company, we shall probably sigh with R.L.S., "Oh, that I knew how to omit!" Suppose we decide in our minds that, if it can be managed, we shall call at such a variety of stopping places as to be able to say that we have, in our fortnight or three weeks, sampled possessions not only of Britain but of France and Italy and Greece and Turkey.

Now let us consider briefly some of the ports which we have underlined in red ink on our map.

THE Mediterranean gateway, GIBRALTAR, need not detain us long—a run out to Europa Point, the most southerly spot in Europe, and a hasty look at the lower rock galleries will suffice. Then, shutting our eyes to some of the better-known places—to wit, Algiers, Cannes, Naples, Palermo, and Haifa—we make our first stop at Beirut, with the express purpose, of course, of making one of the two outstanding excursions into its hinterland, to Damascus or Baalbek. Think of the sensation of motoring into DAMASCUS, a city that was venerable before Rome was born. Think, too, of going shopping in the "Street called Strait," and of visiting that part of the city wall over which Paul is alleged to have made his hurried departure! This city of the desert is watered and made beautiful by two rivers, Abanah and Pharpar, and, once having seen it and them, we begin to understand why the thought of them made the Syrian General Naaman so contemptuous concerning the Jordan.

French Railways

"Baalbek's ruins are marvellous"

BAALBEK'S ruins are marvellous. There is the exquisite carving, so perfect in every detail, that decorates the Temple of Bacchus, and there are the stupendous stones, estimated to weigh a thousand tons apiece, which somehow or other were hoisted into place in the wall of the Great Temple, at least fifty feet above the ground, and fitted together with such nicety that it is impossible to insert a knife-blade between them.

ACROSS a few miles of water from Beirut and CYPRUS is reached, and it is to be hoped that the steamer puts in at Famagusta, for that is the part of the island that has most to show by way of interest. In some respects it is but a place of memories. All its mercantile glory has taken its departure long ago, and the little harbour is not much disturbed by shipping nowadays. Someone has asserted that "sitting down" is the great pastime of the people, and many a visitor has had to come to the conclusion that it is at least extremely popular with the male portion of Famagusta's population. There they are, sitting in little knots in

French Railways

***Beirut**, in whose hinterland lie Baalbek and Damascus: the Hippodrome*

Government of Cyprus

***Famagusta**: "that part of the island has the most to show"*

somewhat ramshackle cafés, some of them smoking their "hubbly-bubbly" but most of them finding occupation for their fingers in twiddling their beads. It must not be thought that in their case the rosary has any religious significance. It is simply being employed to work off the nervous restlessness caused by doing nothing so strenuously. Among the sights of the town are the walls, in some places twenty feet in thickness, and the Gothic Cathedral, now whitewashed internally and used as a Muslim mosque, and from whose balcony in front the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. Six miles along the coast, through pine and orange and eucalyptus trees and their attendant fragrances, is Salamis (not to be confounded with the Greek Salamis, 600 miles away), where Paul and Barnabas landed. Cyprus, which is half the size of Wales, has done practically nothing to attract visitors to itself, but an acknowledged authority, Sir Harry Luke, may be permitted to say a word on its behalf. "I claim for the mountains of Cyprus that they contain all that is most perfect. . . . The time of the year is early spring . . . when the mountain streams come tumbling down the hillsides in full spate; when the oleander that fringes their banks is bursting into bloom; when the woods and the mountainsides are pink with cyclamen. At this time it is a delight to be about in Cyprus." And readers of Mr. H. V. Morton may recall his statement to the effect that if it were decreed that he should have to spend the rest of his life outside England, he would give his second vote on the score of beauty to Cyprus.

BACK again to the mainland, and Alexandretta is touched, in order that a visit may be paid to ANTIOCH. No longer do we find a city encompassed by an enormous wall, on top of which at a height of eighty feet a charioteer could drive his four horses abreast; and no longer does Antioch count for much in the commercial scheme of things, a sphere she dominated for over a thousand years. There is still, however, the same wonderfully luxuriant setting, and it is still worth having a look at the old-time "Eye of the Orient" on account of the beauty of her situation and of two historical facts associated with her. It was here that the followers of a new religious faith that was to become world-wide were first called "Christians," and it was here that the Feast of Fertility was celebrated with such abandon that it was said that the waters of the Syrian Orontes had polluted those of the Roman Tiber.

AGAIN an island, this time RHODES. The harbour of this flounder-shaped island of the Crusaders is no longer entered between the straddled legs of the bronze Colossus that was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. That went to the scrapheap ages ago, suffering the ignominious fate, so the story goes, of being sold to a Syrian Jew who dealt in junk. To-day the ships pass between two columns, one bearing aloft the Roman wolf, and the other the Rhodian stag. Rhodes is a delight, "a thrill of delight." Italy has done wonders with it. She has, among other things, made the town as clean as any Dutch one; and with its excellent hotels, sound motor roads, magnificent bathing beaches and fairly good golf links, it should attract to itself many of those who are seeking fresh places, just a little off the beaten track and out of the ordinary. It is safe to say that no one has ever visited Rhodes without expressing his desire, if not his determination, to return. Five years ago Lord Cranborne felt constrained to write to the *Times*: "No one who has not been there can imagine the charm of that island. It is one of the sights of the world," and that judgment was underlined by a London editor who, returning from a cruise, wrote of the island as "being by general agreement the most charming spot we saw." If the ship is in port for the whole day, it is possible in that time to motor down by the side of the sea to ancient Lindos, then across country so as to have a look at the western coast, and wind up by having tea at the little hotel in the cypress and pine woods on Monte del Profeta before reaching the boat again, by way of what is really a glorious flower garden. Little wonder that they speak of Rhodes as "the Island of Roses."

NO one would dare to attempt to compress ATHENS into a paragraph. How, then, can the maximum of sightseeing be accomplished in the minimum of time? A clever but sharp-tongued Englishwoman said that as a result of experience she found that to do shopping accompanied by a Greek dragoman was to have one's bills expand "like mercury in front of a fire." Assuming the correctness of this statement, it does not require much mental effort to draw the needful moral. Let the officials from the ship or tourist office act as conductors to the sights of the city, the principal of which is, of course, the inexhaustible Acropolis. It is, in fact, rather ludicrous even to attempt to make a single day suffice for the wonders to be found upon that abrupt limestone plateau. If opportunity is afforded for an outside excursion, let it be either to Marathon on the one side or Eleusis on the other. Which is the more worthy to win the vote it is difficult to say. On the lonely plain—

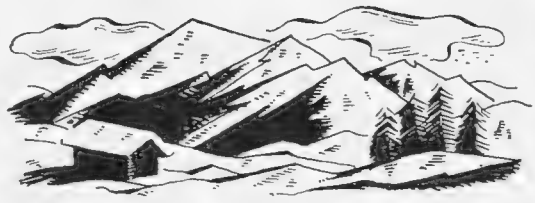
> Where the mountains look on Marathon
> And Marathon looks on the sea,

was fought to a finish the first great struggle between East and West, and, without doubt, had the victory gone to the conquered it is more than likely that all that we think of as our Western

E.N.I.T.

"Rhodes is a delight, a thrill of delight"

civilisation—and in that is embraced law and speech and religion—would have been something vastly different. Such being the case, the plain mound is well worth seeing, even if it is but a heap of earth only some fifty feet in height grown over with grass and brushwood. To reach Marathon we pass through an extraordinary bit of country, inhabited in large part by emaciated olive trees that seem to have had a hard life, and by pines whose trunks have been strangely punctured. These wounds, by the way, explain the pungent taste of the country wine procured at the roadside inns. Eleusis is altogether different: it is at the antipodes, in fact. It is reached along the "Sacred Way," in whose groves the philosophers walked and talked, and if, when reached, its streets do not speak



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APRIL 29: TO EGYPT

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The Bosphorus: *"None need to be exhorted to visit this magnificent waterway"*

very eloquently to those unlearned in temple ruins and rites, the view of the Bay of Salamis is bound to fascinate.

ISTANBUL—our furthest East—seen from the steamer is incomparable. No one can describe the grace with which this city of minarets rises out of the sapphire sea and through the morning mist. The approach by water is bewilderingly beautiful. When Istanbul is mentioned, certain things leap to the mind that just must be seen. There is, of course, Santa Sophia, the city's most famous building. There is the Blue Mosque, which, with the exception of the Kaaba at Mecca, is the only one in the world with six minarets. There is the crowded Galata Bridge, with the motliest multitude of people that human eyes ever beheld. There is the Seraglio Palace, where in other days the heir to the throne was confined, attended only by deaf mutes, under the strange delusion that such training would produce a satisfactory ruler. And there is the Stamboul Bazaar, with its five miles of labyrinthine streets, all, of course, roofed over. The disappearance of the fez has robbed the people of some of their picturesqueness. The fez was without a brim, thus enabling the Muslim worshipper to remain covered and yet touch the earth with his forehead. A bowler-hat is commonplace, and a soft cap does not add to his dignity, but wearing the latter hinder part afore allows him to perform his devotions as of old. In the case of the women, the veil has quite disappeared, proving that in the matter of progress Turkey has taken centuries in her giant stride. None need to be exhorted to visit that magnificent waterway, the Bosphorus. Confronted by it, it makes its own appeal. Lying at its southern end, in the Sea of Marmora, are the Princes Islands. "Scrutator," of the *Sunday Times*, was not the first to say he thought it surprisingly strange that more tourists did not go to Istanbul. To this he added a word of which a mental note should be made, especially by those who are looking for a bathing-place with warm sun, good accommodation, and something unusual in the way of surroundings: "The Bosphorus has a Riviera more beautiful than that of Italy or France, and still completely unspoiled." That is true from fashionable Therapia to popular Prinkipo.

Istanbul, Beyazid Square: *"No one can describe its grace"*

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THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

"Morning, Hawkins — why, man, what's the matter with you? You're as white as a sheet."

"Nothing, Sir. Nothing. Only you gave me a bit of a start. I thought you were still in bed."

"Bed, Hawkins? On a morning like this? I've been over to the mill pool for a swim. Icy cold — very bracing — tingling all over. What are the tinsel pleasures of an effete civilisation compared with the joys of the simple life?"

"What indeed, Sir. Unfortunately, Sir, I assumed that after that party you were at last night you would not rise until late in the forenoon, and would require little, if any, breakfast. In fact, I instructed Cook to that effect."

"Hawkins, you weren't expecting that I'd have a hangover? That a man of my ripe experience could have a morning after?"

"Oh no, Sir. Not exactly a hangover, but . . ."

"Don't quibble, Hawkins. Of course you did. How were you to know that I finished up the evening with a stiff glass of Rose's Lime Juice? Rose's, most therapeutic and refreshing of beverages."

"I will order a crate of Rose's Lime Juice this very morning, Sir."

"Do so, Hawkins. And meanwhile, tell Cook to hurry with some bacon and eggs. And a sausage or two. And a kidney or tomato, or both."

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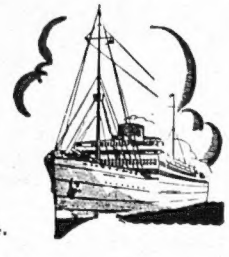

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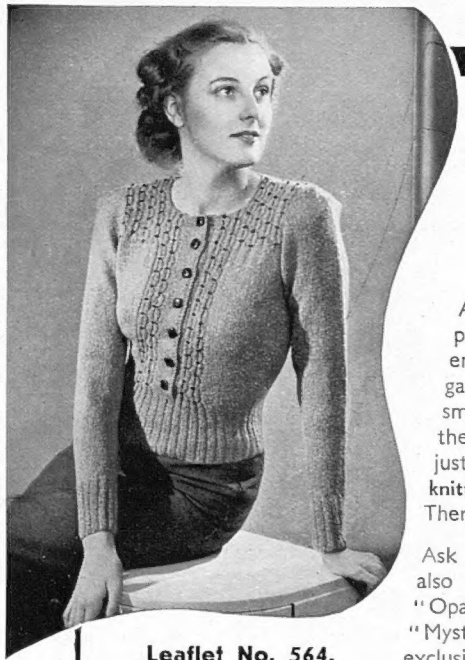

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Seventh Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 18th and 19th, 1939

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 18th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 18th will be posted to each competitor.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, The Lea, Dogmersfield, Basingstoke, Hants.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 17th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-super-Mare on Saturday, March 18th and Sunday, March 19th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 4th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed) .....

Do not send your entrance fee. It should be paid when you get your card at Weston-super-Mare G.C.